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Vance
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53D CONGRESS, 3d Session. } SENATE. { MIS. DOC. No. 151.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

(LATE A SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

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Death of Senator Vance.

Proceedings in the Senate.

April 16, 1894.

The Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., made the following prayer:

O Eternal God, with bowed hearts we come to the foot of Thy throne. While the funeral knell sounds through the Capitol announcing the death of another Senator, while North Carolina mourns the departure from earth of a beloved and honored son, and the nation feels the loss, we bless Thee for his large native powers schooled in the wide experience of public affairs, and for his genial humor, enriching and illumining all subjects he touched, making him kindly with his kind, by virtue of which he shed the influence of a wise and beneficent counsel and character upon his native State and, by virtue of his place in this Chamber, upon the land at large.

Grant to the widow and children under this sore bereavement the only comfort which can come to human hearts at such a time—unshaken faith in Thy holy Gospel and the consolation and sympathy of Thy beloved Son. As the earthly part of one of our brothers has ended upon the

border of the invisible world, grant that we hear from Thy lips, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors." We humbly pray, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

* * * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, it is my melancholy duty to announce to the Senate the death of Hon. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, late a Senator from North Carolina. He died on Saturday night last at forty-five minutes past 10 o'clock, at his residence on Massachusetts avenue, in this city. Though his long-continued and serious illness ought to have prepared all of us for the sad event, still, beguiled by his own cheerful and hopeful spirit, none of us had dreamed that the white horses were coming so rapidly to his door.

His death shocks us to the depths of our hearts. It is a calamity, a sorrow, a deep public and personal bereavement. A great man has fallen in our midst; a great patriot, a great statesman, a great thinker, a great actor has passed away from our sight for this life.

He died at his post of duty with his complete armor on, with his face to the front, courageous, hopeful, useful to the last. Sufferings did not break his proud spirit, nor dim his noble intellect, nor shake his fearless fortitude. Full of years, but still in the strength of his eminent faculties, crowned with exalted honors, but still animated with yet higher aspirations and promise of doing good, physically wrecked and overcome with incurable malady, he stood firmly in the line of his comrades and at the last moment

serenely gathered his robes around him and stepped with the dignity of a Senator and the faith of a Christian from earth into eternity. It looks as if by some prophetic intuition he had returned from the spring flowers and the genial skies of Florida to lay down his sword and shield on the very altars of his country.

This is not the time for the analysis of his character; for eulogies of his virtues; for the history of his illustrious services. On some fitting day I shall ask the Senate to do justice to his honored memory.

But, sir, I should commit a very great wrong not to say now with what unspeakable pain and infinite grief the death of Senator VANCE smites the people of North Carolina. For more than forty years, in peace and in war, he has been the most beloved and the most honored son of that great State. From the ever flowing ocean, across the hills and plains and valleys to the majestic mountain tops, he was a familiar and most dear object to the hearts and homes of all our people. Language can not describe the admiration and love and gratitude of those of all ages of both sexes; of every class, condition, and race; of the whole people of North Carolina, for this great and good man, their benefactor and bulwark in prosperity and adversity. Standing by his lifeless form to-day, it is my sacred duty, representing a Commonwealth of nearly 2,000,000 souls, to shed upon his mortal ashes the tears of their affection and deepest sorrow.

He seemed, sir, as if by destiny to hold in his hands the hearts of the people, and at this moment the throbbing breasts of thousands are following his silent march to the tomb. If he had faults they were bold, brave, open faults,

which are forever eclipsed and forgotten in the splendor of a great and glorious life, and in the magnanimity of a noble nature.

As I think of the short interval at which he follows the beloved Georgian from the folding doors of this Chamber to their last rest it looks as if two tall oaks which stood over and shaded our hearthstones had fallen in the early evening, after the storm and heat of the day had passed, and before the shades of night and winter had fallen upon their autumnal leaves. Colquitt and VANCE had done their duty to their country and their fellow-men.

But I must not trust myself further. At the hour of 9 to-night the committees of the two Houses of Congress, the entire delegation of the State of North Carolina, and the special committee from the State, with the sad family and friends, will leave the capital of the Star Spangled Republic and bear the remains of Governor VANCE through the sister State of Virginia to the beautiful capital of North Carolina, and thence take them to his burying ground on the mountain side overlooking the blue torrents of the French Broad and in sight of lovely Asheville, and there leave them in the shade of the evergreens and in the mirror and melody of flowing waters to sleep with his patriotic fathers. And as the clouds at evening hang upon the bosom and eternal towers of Black Mountain, so will a shadow of sorrow rest upon the bosom of all his people. But the light of his life with the early rays of morning will dispel the gloom from the mountains and from their hearts.

And now I can only venture, in the name of the stricken Senate, with gentlest sympathy to send to the noble and

devoted woman who for months, by day and night, with unwearied vigilance, has stood by him like an angel of light and love our heartfelt condolence and tenderness, and to hold up to his brave sons the ever living beacon of their father's life. He expired solaced in the arms and affections of his wife and children. And may our Almighty Father, in His supreme and infinite goodness, bestow upon them His strength and comfort.

Mr. President, I beg leave to ask consideration by the Senate of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with great sorrow of the death of the Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. VANCE, which will take place to-day in the Senate Chamber, at 4 o'clock p. m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to North Carolina in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-day, Monday, at 4 o'clock p. m., and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The Vice-President appointed as the select committee under the second resolution Mr. Ransom, Mr. George, Mr. Gray, Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Coke, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Dubois, Mr. White, and Mr. Manderson.

He also announced as the honorary pallbearers Mr. Morrill, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Harris, and Mr. McPherson.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, I beg leave to offer the resolution which I send to the desk, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The resolution was considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to; as follows:

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps, the Major-General Commanding the Army, and the senior admiral of the Navy to attend the funeral of the Hon. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina, in the Senate Chamber to-day, Monday, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Mr. JONES of Arkansas, from the Committee to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate, reported the following resolution; and it was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to:

Resolved, That the expenses incurred by the select committee appointed to take order for the funeral of the late Senator Z. B. VANCE be paid from the contingent fund of the Senate.

* * * * *

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. Towles, its Chief Clerk, announced that the House had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House appoint a committee of nine members to act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Senate to make the necessary arrangements and to accompany the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That the House accept the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Resolved, That a recess be now taken until 3.45 p. m., at which hour the House will proceed in a body to the Senate Chamber to attend the funeral, and at the conclusion thereof, on return to its Chamber, the Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, shall declare the House adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House notify the Senate of the action of the House.

The message also announced that the Speaker of the House had appointed Mr. Henderson of North Carolina, Mr. Black of Illinois, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Brookshire, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Strong, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Houk as the committee to act in conjunction with the Senate committee to make the necessary arrangements and accompany the remains of the deceased Senator to the place of burial.

At 3 o'clock and 53 minutes p. m. the members of the House of Representatives, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerk, and headed by the Speaker, entered the Senate Chamber. The Speaker was escorted to a seat at the right of the Vice-President, the Clerk at the Secretary's desk, and the Sergeant-at-Arms on the right of the Vice-President's desk, while the members of the House were escorted to seats on the floor which had been provided for them.

They were soon followed by the Chief Justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the diplomatic corps, and the President and his Cabinet ministers, who were respectively escorted to the seats assigned them on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

The casket containing the remains of the deceased Senator was brought into the Senate Chamber, preceded by Rev. W. H. Milburn, D. D., the Chaplain of the Senate, and Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond, Va., and escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, the committees of arrangements of the two Houses, the honorary pallbearers of the Senate and House, and pallbearers selected from the Capitol police, and followed by the members of the family and friends of the deceased.

Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O God, most high, most holy, most merciful, with lowly reverence of spirit and hearts subdued by the hallowed memories of the departed, and by the tender offices of the hour, we invoke Thy gracious presence, help, and benediction.

Hear our prayer, O Lord; give ear unto our cry; hold not Thy peace at our tears, for we are strangers with Thee and sojourners as all our fathers were.

Father of Mercies, ever assuring Thy chastened children of Thine unchanging love, be very near to us now in this the hour of our sorrow, as we come to cast our care upon Thee and to seek the strength and consolation Thou only canst impart.

As a father pities his children, so do Thou pity us; as one whom his mother comforteth, so do Thou comfort us, and so sanctify our deepest distress that, being made partakers of Thy holiness, we may be prepared for everlasting blessedness in the world where, after the separations of time, we may find our true home; where all who have departed in Christ await our coming, beyond the reach of sorrow and tears, in the realm of eternal light and gladness.

Hear us, we beseech Thee, for the sake of Thy well-beloved Son, to whom, with Thee, O Father, and the Holy Spirit, we will give honor and glory forever. Amen!

After reading the ninetieth Psalm and the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, Rev. Dr. Hoge delivered the following address:

The shadow of a great sorrow has fallen on this Chamber. The bloom and fragrance of spring, the sun shining

bright and clear, bring no delight to our eyes, no cheer to our hearts. What are all the aspects of this vernal season, what even the great subjects that absorb and agitate us in daily life, at this moment, when we see around us the badges of mourning, the tears of the bereaved, and when we look upon that bier and remember who lies upon it?

In the discharge of the mournful office assigned to me, it is not my province to awaken those tender regrets which the recital of the personal virtues and public services of your late associate must ever excite. This grateful duty will be performed by those who are best qualified for it by long acquaintance and intimate association.

These tributes to his memory when completed will not only form a permanent part of his personal history, but an addition to the history of the State he represented and served so well. Nor can I speak of that genial spirit—oftentimes jubilant—which made him such a favorite with the people, nor of other attractive qualities of mind and heart which converted acquaintances into friends, and which now, to be enjoyed no more, converts friends into mourners.

The only theme on which it is becoming in me to dwell takes us to a higher plane, and I could preface what I wish to say by the declaration that the first requisite to the highest and most symmetrical development of what is noblest in man, be he soldier, sage, or Senator, is sincere, consistent, heartfelt piety. There are indeed mere natural virtues which command respect and admiration, but after all "a Christian is the highest style of man."

Piety toward God is the surest incentive to the full discharge of all duties toward man, the truest and most

unfailing inspiration of honor, the strongest safeguard of personal integrity, the most efficient aid in the pursuit and attainment of whatsoever things are just and true and lovely and of good report. The man who ever lives as under "the great Taskmaster's eye," who believes and remembers that God is now the witness of his conduct and to be his final judge, and who, in all his acts, personal and official, strives to maintain a conscience void of offense, is the man who above all others will be most fearless in meeting every responsibility and most faithful in discharging every trust. This is the spirit which elevates its possessor above all that is ignoble, narrow, and selfish, because all the ends he aims at will be those of "country, God, and truth." How true this picture is of our lamented brother and friend let your hearts attest.

And now, remembering on whom the bereavement falls with heaviest weight, what can we do but take her in the arms of our faith, sympathy, and Christian affection, and commit her to the care and love of our Father in Heaven—to the protection and sustaining grace of our Elder Brother, whose hand alone is soft enough to wipe away the tears of bereavement and tender enough to bind up the bleeding heart. May God comfort His handmaiden, and all dear to her, and be their strength, song, and salvation.

To-day the voice of Providence unites with the voice of inspiration in admonishing us that all the glory of man is as the flower of the grass.

We are told that Massillon, about to deliver one of his wonderful funeral orations, found himself in a church surrounded with all the pomp and pageantry of the court. The church was not only hung with black drapery, but the

light of day was excluded, and only a few dim tapers burned on the altar.

The beauty and chivalry of the land were there. The King was clothed in sackcloth and bowed with grief. There was silence, a solemn hush pervading the assembly. Massillon arose. His hands were folded on his breast; his eyes were lifted toward Heaven. He stood mute and abstracted. Presently his fixed look was unbent; his eye roved over the scene where every pomp was displayed, where every emblem of rank and power was exhibited. The eye could find no resting place amidst all this parade and histrionic mourning. At length it settled on the bier on which lay dead royalty, covered with a pall. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man at his best estate overcame the preacher, until in a scarce audible voice he startled the deep silence with the words: "There is nothing great but God!"

To-day this Senate Chamber, by a solemn dispensation, is converted into a "lodge of sorrow," and here in an audience containing those who occupy the highest posts of influence and power in this land all temporal distinctions for the moment seem to be forgotten, as well as all the questions of absorbing interest which agitate the public mind, and in the presence of the dead—in the presence of the Great Judge of quick and dead—one pathetic utterance alone arrests our attention: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Once more are we warned that pallid death, with impartial hand, knocks at all doors; he enters with equal freedom the homes of the humble and the gates

of the Capitol; he casts his chilling shadow over the lowly hovel and the halls of national legislation; he strips off the rags of the pauper and the robes of the Senator; and so, to-day, pride, ambition, vainglory, and the strifes and animosities of the hour, veil their faces, and eternal things alone seem worthy of supreme regard. Once more we hear the voice coming out of the bygone century: "There is nothing great but God!"

If by the mournful providence which has summoned us here we are taught more impressively than ever the evanescence of all earthly good; if we are possessed afresh with the conviction that "he builds too low who builds beneath the skies;" if we are led to the cross, where the defenseless find shelter and the guilty find pardon; if through the grace which fortifies the soul against the dread of death we gain preparation for the duties of life; if we address ourselves with new resolution to the discharge of those duties with minds chastened and hearts purified by affliction, then this sad providence will have accomplished its salutary purpose.

The heart that so lately throbbed with patriotic ardor is still. The lips that so lately moved in prayer for God's blessing on country, church, and home are mute; but be it ours to keep alive the sacred flame and to prolong the prayer that Heaven's best benediction may rest on this confederated empire of imperial States; on its Chief Magistrate and all associated with him in the responsibilities of office; upon the houses of State and national legislation; upon all our citizens in their homes; upon all the people of this great land from North to South and from East to West, that all may learn more and more to cherish the relations which unite them as children of one Father and

as citizens of one country; that freedom founded on justice and guarded by constitutional law, with religion pure and undefiled permeating all, may secure to us a perpetual heritage of harmony, prosperity, and peace; and to God, most high, will we ascribe, as is most due, all honor and glory evermore. Amen.

And now, as the closing exercise in this service, I will read the following hymn:

THY WILL BE DONE.

My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

The benediction was pronounced by the Chaplain of the Senate.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The committee of arrangements, conducted by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, will escort the remains of the deceased Senator from the Chamber to the depot of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and from thence to the place of burial in the State of North Carolina; and after they have left the Chamber the

guests of the Senate will depart in the reverse order of their entrance.

The casket was borne from the Chamber, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, the honorary pallbearers, the committee of arrangements, and the family of the deceased Senator.

The invited guests having retired from the Chamber,

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of my deceased colleague, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned until Tuesday, April 17, 1894, at 12 o'clock m.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

JANUARY 19, 1895.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, I ask leave to submit for adoption the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, and they were considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to; as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of Mr. Ransom.

Mr. President: The Senate is asked to render its last duties of honor and sorrow to the memory of the Hon. Zebulon Baird Vance, late a Senator from North Carolina.

In this Chamber on the 16th of last April, two days after his death, the Senate lighted its black torches around the lifeless form of that most honored and beloved son of our State, and his mortal figure, covered with the white flowers of spring and love, and hallowed by the sacred devotions of religion, passed amid tears like a shadow from these portals forever. To-day his associates on this floor are here to place on the ever-living annals of the Senate the record of their admiration and affection for his virtues.

I take this summary from the Congressional Directory:

Zebulon B. Vance, of Charlotte, was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13, 1830; was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina; studied law; was admitted to the bar in January, 1852, and was elected county attorney for Buncombe County the same year; was a member of the State house of commons in 1854; was a Representative from North Carolina in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses; entered the Confederate army as captain in May, 1861, and was made colonel in August, 1861; was elected governor of North Carolina in August, 1862, and reelected in August, 1864; was elected to the United States Senate in November, 1870, but was refused admission, and resigned in January, 1872; was elected governor of North Carolina for the third time in 1876; and in January, 1878, was elected to the United States Senate; was reelected in 1885, was again reelected in 1891, and died at his residence in Washington, April 14, 1894.

His paternal and maternal ancestors both were Revolutionary patriots. I have often passed the spot where he was born. The "Vance homestead" was a large frame

building of the "olden time," with broad stone chimneys, indicative of comfort and hospitality. It stood near the French Broad River and in the midst of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Now the house has been taken down and only a few stones remain to mark the site where it once was. It is a place of beauty. In front of it the river is smooth and placid as a lake; above and below it dashes and roars into a mountain torrent, and you almost hear the echoes of the ocean. Around it the great mountains tower like giants, and their dark forests are mirrored in the deep blue bosom of the stream. On this scene, amid sublimity and beauty, VANCE first beheld the light of heaven. From this beautiful river, from these sublime mountains, from neighboring scenes, all bristling with heroic and patriotic recollections, he received his first impressions. These were the books from which he learned the lessons that were to be the foundations of his illustrious career. He was the son of the mountains, and I rarely looked on him without being reminded of them.

I know but little of his boyhood, but if the Senate will pardon me I will speak of an incident that illustrates his character. In the canvass of 1872 I was with Governor VANCE in the mountain counties of our State. Passing from Asheville over the mountain to Burnsville, we made a short stop at the home of Nehemiah Blackstock, not far from Ivy Creek. Squire Blackstock was nearly eighty years of age and his good wife was but little younger. He had been the surveyor of Buncombe County for more than forty years. I shall never forget the meeting of Governor VANCE and that venerable couple. They fell on each other's necks—they embraced and wept. They had not

met for years before. The conversation was short, not a half hour long, and consisted mainly of reminiscences. VANCE, when a boy, had lived with the old people and attended a country school close by. Mrs. Blackstock, beaming with joy, asked him if he remembered the scenes of his schoolboy days and vividly depicted his wild, wayward mischief, his frolics, his pranks, his plays with the girls, his wrongs to the boys, his visits to the orchards, his raids upon the watermelons, his practical jokes, his offenses to the teacher, and many similar aberrations.

When old Mr. Blackstock, with a benignant smile, said, "Well, you may say what you will about ZEB; he was a mighty bad boy and hard to control, but he had one redeeming quality that made up for all his faults. ZEB would tell the truth. When you missed your eggs that you wanted so much for the preacher, and were so mad that they were gone, and all the boys denied everything about them, ZEB came up like a man and told that he took them, but he would not tell who helped him eat them. He would always tell the truth"—then I knew that from his boyhood on truth had been VANCE'S star; and what a star!

At the university VANCE remained two years, and pursued a selected course of studies, and soon made a name for genius, wit, and oratory. He was an especial favorite of President Swain, who for so many years had exerted a powerful influence in elevating and directing the youth of the South and made all of us who came under it better citizens and better men. Young VANCE was extremely popular with the students and also with the people of the village of Chapel Hill. Even then reports came from the

university of his brilliant wit, his striking originality, and his high promise.

He served one session in the State legislature, and there gave unmistakable earnest of the illustrious life before him.

He was elected to the House of Representatives in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses and took distinguished position in that assembly, which has been the lists of so many statesmen. In 1861, upon the adjournment of Congress, he returned home, and, seeing that war was inevitable, raised a company of volunteers, marched to Virginia, and was soon after elected colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, a regiment justly distinguished for the largest loss of killed and wounded at Gettysburg.

He had always been opposed to the secession of the Southern States; did everything possible to avert it, and was one of the very last Southern men to declare his love and devotion to the Union.

In the battle of Newbern, N. C., in 1862, Colonel VANCE was conspicuous for courage and coolness, and received the highest commendation for his soldierly conduct on that field. In August of that year he was elected governor of the State, and received the almost unanimous vote of the soldiers. In 1864 he was reelected governor by a very large majority, and held the executive office until the occupation of Raleigh by General Sherman in April, 1865.

As the executive of North Carolina his administration was signally distinguished by great ability, vigor, and energy, by ardent and constant fidelity to the Southern

cause, and by wise foresight and prudent husbandry of all the resources of the State. He was in every sense governor of the State. From the day on which he entered upon the duties of the office until the hour when he laid it down his commanding genius asserted his competence for the great responsibilities of the position, and his administration deserved and received the unbounded confidence, support, and approbation of all the patriotic people of North Carolina. He called to his councils the wisest, the best, the most trusted men in the State of all shades of patriotic sentiment. He inspired the people with renewed love for the struggle, he united the discordant elements among us, he animated the despondent, he tolerated the conscientious lovers of peace, he rebuked the timid, he brought back to life the spirit of our Revolutionary patriots. He gave new hope to the army, he aroused the pride of the State, he strengthened all its means, and prepared for war to the end. Well may he have been designated as the "great war governor of the South."

Three acts of his administration are justly entitled to be ranked as historic.

First. The organization of a fleet of vessels to sail from Wilmington, N. C., to Europe with cargoes of cotton and return with supplies for the soldiers and essential necessaries for the people. This supreme enterprise was eminently successful. For months and years the *Advance* and other vessels, commanded by skillful officers, well manned, and adequately equipped, went like sea birds across the ocean to Europe laden with the great staples of the South, and returning with stores of the needed supplies, triumphantly eluded the blockading squadron and sailed with colors

flying up the Cape Fear to Wilmington. The soldiers were clothed and fed; cards and spinning wheels, sewing and knitting needles, were furnished to our noble women; machinery for looms, surgical instruments, medicines, books, and seeds were all brought home to a suffering people. The history of the war does not present an example of greater wisdom and success.

Second. In 1864 and 1865, when the resources of the South were absolutely exhausted; when our noble armies were reduced and hemmed in on every side, ragged, hungry, and almost without ammunition; when starvation and famine confronted every threshold in the South and a morsel of bread was the daily subsistence of a family; in that dark and dreadful hour Governor VANCE first appealed to the government at Richmond, and finding it perfectly helpless to give any relief summoned his council of State and by almost superhuman efforts prevailed upon the destitute people of North Carolina to divide their last meal and their pitiful clothing with the suffering Union prisoners at Salisbury. Humanity, Chivalry, Piety, I invoke from you a purer, better, holier example of Christian charity in war!

Third. During his administration as governor in North Carolina, although war was flagrant, though camps covered the fields, though soldiers were conscripted by thousands, though cold-hearted men of ample means refused supplies to soldiers with bleeding feet, though the whole militia was armed, though thousands of deserters, refugees from duty, were arrested, though the war department daily called for more men, though every art and artifice and device was practiced to keep the soldiers from the field, though spies and

traitors were detected and seized, though traders in contraband of war were constantly caught flagrante delicto and captured, though in all countries in time of war civil authority has been compelled to submit to military necessity and power, yet in North Carolina during the war the writ of habeas corpus, the great writ of liberty, was never for one moment suspended. Immortal history! Worthy of Mecklenburg and the 20th of May, 1775.

In 1876 Governor VANCE was for the third time elected governor of the State, and his administration was the beginning of a new era for North Carolina. During this administration the fraudulent bonds issued by a reconstruction legislature were made null and void by constitutional amendment. The debt of the State was adjusted on terms of equity and justice. Important railroad enterprises were revived and new internal improvements organized and begun. The public schools were extended, enlarged, and improved. Education was provided for the colored people; asylums for their insane, their deaf, dumb, and blind were established. A great duty nobly performed!

It was at this period that the legislature established the county of Vance and named it in honor of him, which fact contributed largely to the popularity of the measure creating the county.

In 1878 he was elected to the Senate, and until he died remained a member of this body, having been elected four times a Senator. His record in the Senate is part of the nation's history. From the beginning he was an active, earnest debater, a constant, faithful worker, a dutiful, devoted Senator, aspiring and laboring for the welfare and honor of the whole country. He was at all times on the

important committees of the body, and took a prominent part in the discussion of almost every leading question. He was the unceasing advocate of revenue reform, uncompromisingly opposed to civil service, and the ardent friend of silver money and its free coinage by the Government. He vigilantly defended the rights, honor, and interests of the Southern States, not from sectional passion or prejudice, but because it was his duty as a patriot to every State and to the Union. He was bold, brave, open, candid, and without reserve. He desired all the world to know his opinions and positions and never hesitated to avow them.

His heart every moment was in North Carolina. His devotion to the State and people was unbounded; his solicitude for her welfare, his deep anxiety in all that concerned her, and his ever readiness to make every sacrifice in her behalf was daily manifested in all his words and actions. Senator VANCE was an uncommon orator. He spoke with great power. His style was brief, clear, and strong. His statements were accurate and definite, his arguments compact and forcible, his illustrations unsurpassed in their fitness. His wit and humor were the ever-waiting and ready handmaids to his reasoning, and always subordinated to the higher purpose of his speech. They were torch-bearers, ever bringing fresh light. He always instructed, always interested, always entertained, and never wearied or fatigued an audience, and knew when to conclude. The Senate always heard him with pleasure, and the occupants of the galleries hung upon his lips, and with bended bodies and outstretched necks would catch his every word as it fell.

He rarely if ever spoke without bringing down applause. His wit was as inexhaustible as it was exquisite. His humor was overflowing, fresh, sparkling like bubbling drops of wine in a goblet; but he husbanded these rare resources of speech with admirable skill, and never displayed them for ostentation. They were weapons of offense and defense, and were always kept sharp and bright and ready for use. He was master of irony and sarcasm, but there was no malice, no hatred in his swift and true arrows. Mortal wounds were often given, but the shafts were never poisoned. It was the strength of the bow and the skill of the archer that sent the steel through the heart of its victim. But strength, force, clearness, brevity, honesty of conviction, truth, passion, good judgment, were the qualities that made his speech powerful and effective.

He believed what he said. He knew it was true; he felt its force himself; his heart was in his words; he was ready to put place, honor, life itself, upon the issue. This was the secret of his popularity, fame, and success as a speaker. He studied his speeches with the greatest care, deliberated, meditated upon them constantly, arranged the order of his topics with consummate discretion, introduced authorities from history, and very often from sacred history, presented some popular faith as an anchor to his ship, and concluded with a sincere appeal to the patriotic impulses of the people. No speaker ever resorted to the bayonet more frequently.

He did not skirmish; he marched into the battle, charged the center of the lines, and never failed to draw the blood of the enemy. Sometimes he was supreme in manner, in words, in thought, in pathos. He possessed

the thunderbolts, but, like Jove, he never trifled with them; he only invoked them when gigantic perils confronted his cause. In 1876, upon his third nomination for governor, speaking to an immense audience in the State-house Square at Raleigh, he held up both hands in the light of the sun and with solemn invocation to Almighty God declared that they were white and stainless, that not one cent of corrupt money had ever touched their palms. The effect was electric; the statement was conviction and conclusion. The argument was unanswerable. It was great nature's action. It was eloquence. It was truth.

Senator VANCE'S integrity and uprightness in public and in private life were absolute; they were unimpeached and unimpeachable; he was honest; it is the priceless inheritance which he leaves to his family, his friends, his country. He was an honest man. Calumny fell harmless at his feet, the light dissipated every cloud and he lived continually in its broad rays; his breastplate, his shield, his armor was the light, the truth. There was no darkness, no mystery, no shadow upon his bright standard.

Senators will all remember the loss of his eye in the winter of 1889. How touching it was—a sacrifice, an offering on the altar of his country. For no victim was ever more tightly bound to the stake than he was to his duty here. How bravely, how patiently, how cheerfully, how manfully he bore the dreadful loss! But the light, the glorious light of a warm heart, a noble nature, a good conscience, an innocent memory was never obscured to him. It was to him a great bereavement, but it was another, a more sacred tie that again and again bound his countrymen to him.

In his long and tedious illness no complaint, no murmurs escaped his calm and cheerful lips. He was composed, firm, brave, constant, hopeful to the last. His love of country was unabated, his friendships unchanged, his devotion to duty unrelaxed. His philosophy was serene, his brow was cloudless, his spirit, his temper, his great mind, all were superior to his sufferings.

His great soul illuminated the physical wreck and ruin around it and shone out with clearer luster amid disease and decay. Truly he was a most wonderful man. His last thoughts, his dying words, his expiring prayers were for his country, for liberty and the people. A great patriot, a noble citizen, a good man, it is impossible not to remember, to admire, to love him.

I can not compare Senator VANCE with Cæsar, Napoleon, or Washington. I can not place him at the side of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. I do not measure him with Chatham and Gladstone. He was not a philosopher like Franklin, he was not an orator like Mirabeau, but placed in any company of English or American statesmen he would have taken high position.

He had not the wisdom and virtue of Macon; he was not like Badger, a master of argument; he was not like Graham, a model of dignity and learning; he had not the superb speech and grand passion of Mangum; he wanted the tenacious and inexorable logic of Bragg; but in all the endowments, qualities, faculties, and attainments that make up the orator and the statesman he was the equal of either. No man among the living or the dead has ever so possessed and held the hearts of North Carolina's people. In their confidence, their affection, their devotion, and

their gratitude he stood unapproachable—without a peer. When he spoke to them they listened to him with faith, with admiration, with rapture and exultant joy. His name was ever upon their lips. His pictures were in almost every household. Their children by hundreds bore his beloved name, and his words of wit and wisdom were repeated by every tongue.

What Tell was to Switzerland, what Bruce was to Scotland, what William of Orange was to Holland, I had almost said what Moses was to Israel, VANCE was to North Carolina. I can give you but a faint idea of the deep, fervid, exalted sentiment which our people cherished for their greatest tribune. He was of them. He was one of them. He was with them. His thoughts, his feelings, his words were theirs. He was their shepherd, their champion, their friend, their guide, blood of their blood, great, good, noble, true, human like they were in all respects, no better, but wiser, abler, with higher knowledge and profounder learning.

Nor was this unsurpassed devotion unreasonable or without just foundation. For more than the third of a century, for upward of thirty years, in peace and in war, in prosperity and in adversity, in joy and in sorrow, he had stood by them like a brother—a defender, a preserver, a deliverer. He was their martyr and had suffered for their acts. He was their shield and had protected them from evil and from peril. He had been with them—he had been with them and their sons and brothers on the march, by the camp fires, in the burning light of battle; beside the wounded and the dying; in their darkest hours, amid hunger and cold, and famine and pestilences, his

watchful care had brought them comfort and shelter and protection. They remembered the gray jackets, the warm blankets, the good shoes, the timely food, the blessed medicines, which his sympathy and provision had brought them. In defeat, amid tumult, amid ruin, humiliation, and the loss of all they had, he had been their adviser; he had guided them through the wilderness of their woes and brought them safely back to their rights and all their hopes. He had been to them like the north star to the storm-tossed and despairing mariner. He had been greater than Ulysses to the Greeks. He had preserved their priceless honor, had saved their homes, and was the defender of their liberties. He was their benefactor. Every object around them reminded them of his care, every memory recalled, every thought suggested, his usefulness and their gratitude. The light from their schoolhouses spoke of his services to their education. The very sight of their graves brought back to their hearts his tender devotion to their sons. And the papers and the wires with the rising of almost every sun bore to their pure bosoms the news of his success, his triumphs, and his honors. They were proud of him; they admired him—they loved him. These, these were the foundations, the solid foundations, of his place in their minds and in their hearts. From the wind-beaten and storm-bleached capes of Hatteras to the dark blue mountain tops that divide North Carolina and Tennessee there is not a spot from which the name of VANCE is not echoed with honor and love. But his influence and his fame were not confined within State lines.

In New England the sons of the brave Puritans admired his love of liberty, his independence of thought, his

freedom of speech, his contempt for pretensions, and his abhorrence of deceit. The hardy miners in the far West and on the Pacific hills felt his friendship and were grateful for his services. Virginia loved him as the vindicator of her imperiled rights and honor. From the farms and fields and firesides of the husbandmen of the Republic there came to him the greeting of friends, for he was always the advocate of low taxes and equal rights and privileges to all men. From all the South he was looked upon as the representative of their sorrow and the example of their honor; and all over the civilized world the people of Israel—"the scattered nation"—everywhere bowed with uncovered heads to the brave man who had rendered his noble testimony and a tribute to the virtues of their race. Even the officers, the sentinels, and watchmen over him in the Old Capitol Prison, in which he was confined on the alleged and wrongful charge that he had violated the laws of war, were spellbound by his genial spirit and became his devoted friends up to the hour of his death. His genius, his ability, his humanity, his long-continued public service, his great physical suffering, a martyrdom to his duty, the sorcery of his wit, the magic of his humor, and the courage of his convictions had attracted the universal sympathy and admiration of the American people.

In the brief summary in the Directory is embraced a great life: County attorney, member of the State house of commons; Representative in two Congresses; captain and colonel in the Southern army; three times elected governor of his State, and four times elected to the Senate of the United States. What a record and what a combination! A great statesman, a good soldier, a rare scholar, a

successful lawyer, an orator of surpassing power and eloquence, and a man popular and beloved as few men have ever been! Great in peace and great in war, equal to every fortune, superior to adversity, and, greater still, superior to prosperity! Successful in everything which he attempted, eminent in every field in which he appeared, and fitted for every effort which he undertook!

He was master of political science and distinguished in scholarship and literature. His political speeches were models of popular oratory and his literary addresses were compositions of chaste excellence. He wrote an electric editorial and drafted a legislative bill with equal clearness and brevity. His pen and his tongue were of equal quality. He used both with equal power. He wrote much; he spoke more. Everything emanating from him wore his own likeness. He borrowed from no man. He imitated no man and no man could imitate him. He was unique, original, wonderful, incomprehensible unless he was a genius with faculties and powers of extraordinary and exceptional character.

His temper was admirable, calm, well balanced, serene. He cared less for trifles than any man I ever knew. He brushed them away as a lion shakes the dust from his mane. In this respect he was a giant. He was like Samson breaking the frail withes that bound his limbs. He was never confused, rarely impatient, seldom nervous, and never weak.

He was merciful in the extreme. Suffering touched him to the quick. He was compassion itself to distress. He was as tender as a gentle woman to the young, the weak, the feeble. He was full of charity to all men, charitable

to human frailty in every shape and form and phase. He had deep, powerful impulses, strong and passionate resentments; in the heat of conflict he was inexorable, but his generosity, his magnanimity, his sense of justice were deeper and stronger and better than the few passing passions of his proud nature. To his family and friends he was all tenderness and indulgence. His great heart always beat in duty, with sympathy, with the highest chivalry to woman.

> The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
> Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
> Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward,

was always upon his lips.

He was ambitious, very ambitious; but with him ambition was virtue. He aspired to be great that he might be useful, to do good, to improve and to benefit and to help mankind. His was not the ambition of pride and of arrogance and of power. It was the ambition of benevolence and philanthropy, the ambition to elevate, to lift up, to bless humanity.

From early manhood he had possessed a respectable competence. At no time did he ever suffer penury. He husbanded with great care his resources and was prudent, frugal, thoughtful in his expenditures; but he never turned a deaf ear to pity or to sorrow. He was not avaricious; he had no love for money and was never rich in gold, silver, and precious stones or lands, but he was opulent in the confidence and affections of the people. His great wealth was invested in the attachments, the friendships, the faith, the devotions of his fellow-men, that priceless wealth of love of the heart—of the soul—which no money can purchase.

In many respects he was very remarkable. In one he was singularly so. He never affected superiority to human frailty. He claimed no immunity from our imperfection. He realized that all of us were subject to the same conditions, and he regarded and practiced humility as a cardinal virtue and duty.

Senator VANCE was happy in his married life. In his early manhood he was married to Miss Harriet Newell Espey, of North Carolina. She was a woman of high intellectual endowments, of uncommon moral force, of exemplary piety, and exercised a great influence for good over her devoted husband which lasted during his life. Their union was blessed with four sons, who survived their parents. His second wife was Mrs. Florence Steele Martin, of Kentucky, a lady of brilliant intellect, of rare grace and refinement, who adorned his life and shed luster and joy on his home.

All during the fatal malady that ended his life, with sleepless affection, with tireless tenderness, with holy duty, she was by him until the last breath came, and he expired in her arms, in the solace of her love.

He loved the Bible as he loved no other book. All of his reverence was for his God. He lived a patriot and a philanthropist and he died a Christian. This is the sum of duty and honor.

He has gone. His massive and majestic form, his full, flowing white locks, his playful, twinkling eye, his calm, homelike face, his indescribable voice, have left us forever. He still lives in our hearts.

The great Mirabeau in his dying moments asked for music and for flowers and for perfumes to cheer and

brighten his mortal eclipse. VANCE died blessed with the fragrance of sweetest affections, consecrated by the holiest love, embalmed in the tears and sorrows of a noble people. The last sounds that struck his ear were the echoes of their applause and gratitude, and his eyes closed with the light of Christian promise beaming upon his soul.

On the night of the 16th of April last we took his casket from these walls. We bore it across the Potomac—through the bosom of Virginia, close by the grave of Washington, almost in sight of the tombs of Jefferson and Madison, over the James, over the North and the South Roanoke, over the unknown border line of the sister States—to the sad heart of his mother State. The night was beautiful. The white stars shed their hallowed radiance upon earth and sky. The serenity was lovely. The whole heavens almost seemed a happy reunion of the constellations. With the first light of day the people, singly, in groups, in companies, in crowds, in multitudes, met us everywhere along the way—both sexes—all ages—all races—all classes and conditions. Their sorrow was like the gathering clouds in morning, ready to drop every moment in showers.

We carried him to the Statehouse in Raleigh, the scene of his greatest trials and grandest triumphs; the heart of the State melted over her dead son. Her brightest jewel had been taken away! We left Raleigh in the evening, and passing over the Neuse, over the Yadkin, over the Catawba, up to the summit of the Blue Ridge, we placed the urn with its noble dust on the brow of his own mountain, the mountain he loved so well. There he sleeps in peace and honor. On that exalted spot the willow and the

cypress, emblems of sorrow and mourning, can not grow, but the bay and the laurel, the trees of fame, will there flourish and bloom in perpetual beauty and glory. There will his great spirit, like an eternal sentinel of liberty and truth, keep watch over his people.

Senators, I feel how unable I have been to perform this sacred duty. It would have been one of the supreme joys of my life to have done justice to the life and character of this great and good man, to have enshrined his memory in eloquence like his own. But whatever may have been the faults of these words, I have spoken from a heart full of sorrow for his death and throbbing with admiration and pride for his virtues.

Address of Mr. Morrill.

Mr. President: Our late associate here, Senator Vance, appears to have been, both early and late, a prime favorite of North Carolina. He was born there, and was early made an heir to honorable and lifelong fame. The same year of his admission to the bar, at the early age of twenty-two, he was elected county attorney. Two years later he was elected to the State house of commons, and then, when only one year past the age of eligibility, he was promoted to the United States House of Representatives, where he remained a member from 1857 to 1861.

Then, starting as a captain in the military line of the rebellion, in three months he rose to the rank of colonel. But his State in 1862 more needed his services as a civilian, and he was elected at the age of thirty-two governor of the State. By reelection he held this office through all the stern vicissitudes of the rebellion. While a stanch supporter of the Confederacy, he yet had some State-rights differences with its President, but they were amicably adjusted.

Rarely has any man so young been intrusted by the people of a great State and in a great crisis with the foremost official stations within their gift.

But to them always—

> A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
> And confident to-morrows—

and he had their hearts.

Largely home and self instructed, finely equipped with a full-chested physique and resonant voice, and with a genial overflow of mother wit, he early became a notable orator in all political campaigns; but it was his close touch and familiarity with the leading topics of the day, his fidelity to his convictions of duty, as well as respect for the sentiments of his people, and his spotless personal reputation which made them grapple him to their souls "with hooks of steel." To whatever station called, so well pleased were his people that with one accord they asked to have him go up higher.

When he was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1857 as a Whig, with South-American proclivities, I had been serving there first as a Whig with Republican proclivities, and if either of us then had much reverence for the Democratic party I must admit it was prudently dissembled. Young and brimful of humor, song, and story, he was highly esteemed by the members of all parties in the House, as he was here. In an era when our whole country appeared to be rumbling with invisible earthquakes and hissing with the oratorical skyrockets of secession he served for four years, or until 1861, and, so far as I remember, contributed nothing to our or to the national "unpleasantness."

During his Senatorial service, from 1879, of fifteen years he was not a frequent debater, except on tariff and revenue questions, where he differed radically from such ancient Whig statesmen as Badger, Mangum, and Stanly, formerly representing the Old North State; but whenever he spoke he had no lack of hearers, and they were often rewarded by the originality of his remarks and by the witticisms

interspersed, redolent of his native Buncombe County. So long as health permitted he was a regular attendant upon the meetings of the Senate Finance Committee, of which he was a valuable member.

The large increase in the number of the members in both Houses of Congress has made obituary notices of such frequent occurrence that I fear the time occupied for the brief tributes here to our departed fellow-members is sometimes granted with reluctance. I feel sure, however, that no one will begrudge the hour subtracted from legislative affairs and now given up to the memory of the most beloved man perhaps of his State associated with us here for many years, and one, however widely apart politically from some of us, for whom every Senator here to-day is a sincere mourner.

I called upon him toward the end of his earthly career and found him bearing his bodily afflictions with cheerful fortitude.

The loss to his State will be great, and to his family incomputable. Personally, I lament here to say, farewell, my time-honored friend!

Address of Mr. Sherman.

Mr. President: The frequent recurrence of scenes like this, when the Senate pauses in its important duties to note the death of one of its members, must impress us with the feeble tenure with which we hold both life and public honor. We recall our departed associate with kindness and charity. We bury in his grave all the differences of opinion, all party or sectional contentions, and think only of the good he has done, of the qualities of his head and heart which gained our affection or commanded our respect. It is in this spirit I wish to add a few words to the eloquent eulogy of Governor Vance by his distinguished colleague.

My first acquaintance with him was when he became a member of the House of Representatives of the Thirty-fifth Congress, having been elected to fill a vacancy caused by the election of Mr. Clingman to the Senate. He was about twenty-eight years old, large, handsome, and of pleasing address and manner. He called himself a Whig—a Henry Clay Whig—and supported the public policy of that eminent statesman. In this we were in hearty sympathy. We were thrown frequently into kindly association. We could agree on many questions of public policy, but we could not agree on the sectional question then arising like a threatening cloud on the horizon. We were born in different latitudes, under the influence of different institutions, with firm convictions honestly entertained but diametrically opposite with respect to the institution of slavery.

This wide difference of opinion was chiefly sectional, and therefore more dangerous. This institution was a slumbering volcano anxiously perceived by the framers of our Constitution and carefully dealt with, in the hope that by the action of the several States African slavery would be gradually abolished as inconsistent with our free institutions. This hope was delusive. Slavery at different periods of our history threatened our National Union, but happily this contention was wisely smothered by the compromises of 1820 and 1850, though it only needed a torch to arouse it into activity. The repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 was the cause, or, as some say, the pretext, of the violent destruction of parties and the civil war.

Governor VANCE entered Congress, in 1858, as a member of the American party, occupying a middle position between the Democratic and the Republican parties. He did not rush into the arena of debate, but his personal and social qualities, and especially his wit and humor, were well known, and gained him many friends. After a month or two he was drawn into a brief casual debate, and at once was recognized as a young man of marked ability. Later in the same session he made one speech defining his opinions on the leading questions of the day. From this time his ability as a debater was conceded.

In the memorable Thirty-sixth Congress Governor VANCE took a more active part. He still held his fellowship with the American party, but that party melted away under the influence of passing events. The struggle in Kansas, the formation of the Republican party, the breaking up of the Charleston convention, the adoption of new dogmas for and against slavery—these and many other

events left no room for parties except on sectional lines, and no choice of policy except disunion with slavery perpetuated, or of union with slavery abolished. I criticise no man for his choice in that conflict. It was indeed an irrepressible conflict, the seeds of which were planted before our Union was founded. Governor VANCE took sides with his people and I with mine. The result was in the disposal of the Almighty Ruler of the universe, who doeth all things well. I believe the time will come, if it has not already come, when the North and the South, the Confederate and the Union soldier, and their descendants in far distant generations, will thankfully unite in praise to God that our conflict ended with a restored and strengthened Union.

There can be no doubt that at the beginning of the civil war Governor VANCE was conspicuous at home as well as here as an ardent, outspoken Union man, but he also loved his State and his people, among whom he had been born and bred, and when they were swept away by the torrent of opinion in the belief that it was their duty to secede from the Union he went with them. The question, as it presented itself to his mind, was whether he should fight with his neighbors or against them. Of his decision in such a choice there could be no doubt. As a soldier and governor of North Carolina he did all he could to establish the Southern Confederacy, but when the events of the war led the Confederate authorities to trench upon what he considered as the rights of his people he firmly insisted upon preserving those rights.

Some years after the war closed he was elected to a seat in this body. I need not say to Senators that in the

performance of his public duties and in his association with his fellow-Senators he was always a pleasant companion and a kind and indulgent friend. He carefully attended to public duties, took his full share in the debates, and contributed by his wisdom and counsel to many important public measures.

The life of a man and a nation is like the current of a river, full of dangers, at times calm and slow and then rapid and turbulent. From the feeble spring of infancy to the resting place in the ocean or the grave, there are many trials, vicissitudes, storms, and trouble, as well as peaceful and happy moments. Our enjoyment of life depends largely upon temperament. The obstructions in our way are mountains or molehills, according to the disposition of each individual. We create in a measure our own sunshine and shadow. It has always seemed to me that the peculiar characteristics of Governor VANCE were his happy temperament and hopeful view of life. He carried with him wherever he went cheerfulness and joy. The humor and pathos with which he illustrated an argument, the sincerity and moderation of his opinions, his fidelity to his friends, the apparent honesty of his convictions—these were the attributes of our departed friend. In his life among us in the Senate he was cheerful, kind, and considerate. He left no enemies here. He died assured of the affection of his family, the confidence of his constituents, the love and respect and honor of his associates in the Senate.

Address of Mr. Bate.

Mr. President: Between the spurs of the Blue Ridge and its mountain-mother, the Alleghanies, a race of people from the Atlantic shore—whose lineage was Scotch-Irish and English, with a dash of Huguenot—had cut their way through a wilderness, with ax and rifle, and the Bible as their companion, and become in this Piedmont country lords of the forest and field. These adventurous pioneers, hardy and brave, found homes in this intermountain spot, and, observant of social, religious, and educational advantages, soon developed into the finest type of American manhood.

It was there, among this God-fearing and country-loving pioneer people, that Zebulon Baird Vance first saw the light of day. It was there, on the banks of the French Broad River—where, in their westward flow, its bright and rapid waters leap from rock to rock, as a silver arrow from the bowstring; there, where valley and mountain and bright waters meet and mingle within the same scope of vision, presenting scenery that makes romance of reality; it was there, in this temple of nature, among plain and patriotic people, unpretentious and true, and with home associations simple and sympathetic, gentle and genial, that Senator Vance, destined to become a factor in the political history of our country, in his boyhood and manhood caught those true and manly inspirations that guided him in his noble and remarkable career throughout his useful and successful life.

His was an intellect of marked capacity, and of a rare order of completeness, pervaded and informed by all those moral perceptions which make so invariable an adjunct to the strongest understanding. His perception of truth was almost an instinct, and his love of it truly conscientious. His temper was admirable, and free from all vanity and jealousy. He was a cavalier in loftiness of thought and action, without a particle of cant or formality or pretense. He was a genuine, brave, strong man—a thorough gentleman, who inspired the fullest confidence and the most cordial liking. Whatever display he made was in truest taste, simple, easy, and natural, without the tinsel of ambition or effort. He had the power, the morals, and the manners of the best models of American statesmen.

His advocacy of great principles and useful opinions was often expressed in this Senate with boldness of view, sometimes with severity of remark, and often with beauty and vivacity of expression. Many of the highest prizes in the lottery of political life came within his grasp, and with the vivifying spirit of a laudable ambition he seized them and used them only for his country, his State, and her people. As Representative, governor, and Senator his intellect, zeal, labor, and love were freely expended for the honor, glory, and welfare of North Carolina and her people.

There is a country accent—

Says a philosopher—

not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character, and manner, which never forsakes a man—

and never was that remark more strikingly illustrated than in the late Senator VANCE. He was a North Carolinian

"intus et in cute;" every peculiarity of her people, the very idiosyncrasies of her citizens, were discernible in his mental, moral, and political make-up. But every step of his ascending honors was taken with an eye single to her protection, defense, honor, and safety. Of his extraordinary aptitude for business at the proper time and in the proper way I need only recall the fact that as governor of North Carolina, during the darkest period of the late civil war, and when a depreciated currency had unsettled all values and disrupted all the machinery of trade, when commerce was blockaded and transportation impeded, he was able to maintain in more comfort and in greater efficiency the Confederate regiments of North Carolina than fell to the lot of those of other Southern States.

There is a record of fifty-seven regiments, and there may be more, whose clothing, shoes, hats, blankets, and muskets were furnished and delivered through his tact, perseverance, and energy. And those regiments, composed of men and officers from "the Old North State," attested his wise provision for their efficiency by as gallant a record as was made by any troops in either army, and whose valor our deceased friend made more effective by his wise foresight and care for their health and comfort.

Other countries, Mr. President, have had their civil wars, with which history deals according to the prejudices and politics of their historians, but now their people look back upon the past without animosity to either party.

France had her great revolution, but the followers of the "crowned soldier of democracy," whether enlisted from Parisian Jacobins or Vendean monarchists, are remembered to-day only as the brave sons of France.

The Roundhead and the Cavalier of England, whether in the ranks of Cromwell's Ironsides or charging with rash Rupert, are to-day bright jewels in the galaxy of England's gallant sons.

In our civil war citizens of the same Commonwealth were impelled by that first and supreme necessity that is not chosen but chooses—which is paramount to all deliberation and admits of no discussion and demands no evidence. They were forced into conflict by the operation of principles they did not originate and by circumstances over which they had no control. And now, since both sides from their respective standpoints believed they were in the right, let us, on occasions like this, in this national forum, common in representation of all sections and all parties, bring wreaths to the "bivouac of the dead" without stopping to discuss the resolutions of '98 or the conditions which they created, or the wisdom or folly which inspired on the other side the spirit of fanaticism. Be our politics what they may, let us all honor the brave and heroic sons of all the States, as models and exemplars of American character; and, since "grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," let us honor those who were heroes in the strife with true American patriotism and pride. No man has been a member of the Senate since the war who was more consistent in that respect, more willing to remit the cause and conduct of the war to the verdict of unbiased and truthful history, or more disposed to treasure the memory of the personal heroism of all American soldiers, than our late associate.

Mr. President, in the public life and services of our deceased friend we have "the abstract and brief chronicle"

of politics in the Southern States throughout the last thirty years. He was a party man in the highest meaning of that term; true and faithful to the Federal Union as he understood its obligations—interpreting the powers, limitations, and restrictions of its Constitution by the light of the precepts and principles of its framers, and with intense convictions that any wide departure from those canons of construction would inevitably lead to the destruction of our form of Federal Government. He felt that if we put out the light of the fathers we—

> Know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can its flame relume.

His advent into politics was amid the throes and convulsions of civil war, the closing exigencies of which shaped in our Southland the political course of Whigs and Democrats, with the stern hand of inexorable fate, to save the very form and substance of society and civilization. But, notwithstanding the intense strain that was upon him in those exciting and exacting years, he was at no time a violent or uncandid partisan, and never nursed those exaggerations or that unfairness which too often influence political action; nor did the idea of personal animosity or ungenerous feeling toward a political opponent discolor his public life.

Senator VANCE was a man of such irresistible wit and humor that I may apply to him the language of another, and say: "This relieved the weary, calmed the resentful, and animated the drowsy; this drew smiles even from such as were the object of it, and scattered flowers over a desert, and, like sunbeams sparkling on a lake, gave spirit and vivacity to the dullest and least interesting cause." It

was often his pleasure to illustrate his arguments, or enliven his conversation, with the incidents and peculiarities of life in North Carolina; and his laughter-creating anecdotes, his quaint jokes, and funny stories will long remain in our memories as specimens of wit and humor, of broad and striking illustrations, and oftentimes of forcible argument, but always devoid of the sting of malice, or the point which wounded personal feeling. To a keen faculty of observation he added a swift dexterity of application which, with the sunny current of his humor and free and joyful sympathy, made him a truly robust man, in whom the harmonies and just play of all his faculties imparted a kind feeling toward all men.

Glad light from within radiates outward, and enlightens and embellishes.

He had a taking way on the hustings. His arguments consisted in a plain way of telling simple truths—illustrated with anecdotes and brightened with ready wit. In his mode of speech he did not "beat about the bush," but advanced in direct line to the citadel, which he generally captured, to the discomfort of his adversaries. His easy, flowing, natural style of speech—ready and racy—ever gained applause from his people, which to him was as sweet incense on the altar of patriotism. Adulation, however, did not spoil him—VANCE was too big a man for that. As a strong, broad, and well-rounded man he received the plaudits of the multitude with proper grace, and instead of "turning his head," they were incentives to higher emprise.

The "bonhomie" was an active element in his nature, and always kept him in warmest touch with his friends and often drew the sting from his enemies. He was as

much the embodiment of the principles of Democracy as any man who has taken part in our political life for a quarter of a century, and was truly a Great Commoner. He never seemed more in his element than when engaged in a hot political canvass before his North Carolina constituency, in advocacy of their rights and interests, and the hotter and more stormy the canvass the better. Indeed he reveled in it, and was as much at home amid the clashing elements as the petrel in the storm; and whenever the fight was on he was sure to be a factor, and in at the death. But to him, Mr. President, every political storm cloud had its bow of promise, and when the fury abated it left him in a serene atmosphere, well poised and contemplative, and ready to take advantage of the situation for the good of his people and party; and withal, he never sacrificed his convictions for mere temporary success.

He was for the whole people, and served them faithfully. He knew no faction or clique and invoked no artificial aid, but when he asked office he went directly to the people and drank at the fountain. His strong personality warmed his constituents in a magnetic way, and they clung unto him. His native endowments and cultured knowledge of human nature kept him en rapport with the best citizenship and won a sense of superiority without exciting jealousy. Yet there was nothing in his nature or bearing that was not in accord with the humblest, and while he was easy and familiar with all classes, that familiarity never begot contempt, but inspired a genial feeling akin to brotherhood.

These natural gifts, these persuasive characteristics, this graceful adaptability, easily made him a hero on the hustings, and the ballot box became his mascot. His practical

utterances and homely yet happy illustrations became household words, and with the plain people he was Sir Oracle.

For more than thirty years "ZEB" VANCE, as he was familiarly called, was the political idol of the people of North Carolina, and during any part of that time he might have truly said of them, "Sum fui pars." He rejoiced at their prosperity and mourned their misfortunes; in their need he was a benefactor—in adversity their bulwark and strength. Whatever faults he had—and who has them not?—were open and bravely avowed—soon forgiven and forgotten. He felt that he owed a duty to his country and his fellow-man, and, Mr. President, without discount, he paid the debt. He learned and loved the teachings of the Bible, and was guided by his faith. His cheerfulness brightened his social relations; his gentle domesticity made home happy; his sterling virtues inspired respect and confidence while they imparted usefulness.

He was a bon vivant without dissipation; his hospitality was to him a luxury and to his guests a delight, and he, in turn, was "persona grata" in every household in the Old North State.

Disease and misfortune did not unman him—and he often met it with grim humor. The loss of an eye a few years before his death did not discourage him, or abate his efforts to serve his constituents. Indeed, while sitting here at this desk next me—we were desk mates for the last three years—he, in a vein of pleasant humor, just before commencing his last great speech in this Chamber, alluding to the fact of having lost an eye, said:

> Misfortunes have their blessings, for surely no man can now deny that I have *an eye single* to the interest of my constituents.

Disease and suffering did not appall him or drive from him hope and courage. He was cheerful and sometimes facetious, even when the "sword of the spirit had well-nigh cut through the scabbard of the flesh." He died at his post, and with dignity and calmness—

> Wrapt the drapery of his couch about him,
> And lay down to pleasant dreams.

Upon the announcement of his death North Carolina became one vast "lodge of sorrow," in which every heart was muffled, and its sad beat was responsive to the melancholy occasion. His biography, truthfully written, will be the sweetest aroma in the urn of North Carolina history.

> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Address of Mr. Gray.

Mr. President: The man whose loss we mourn to-day was no ordinary man, and the words of touching eulogy to which we have listened have set vibrating chords of sympathy and grief in a manner and to a degree not ordinary. How hard is it for each of us, even after this interval since his death, to realize that we shall see his face no more.

Senator Vance had become, more than is usual, a part, an almost necessary part, it seemed, of our daily life here. In him the humanities were so active and so abundant that he seemed made to brighten social life and strengthen the social instinct.

In this hour of sad retrospect his kindness of heart, his ready and responsive sympathy, his catholicity of spirit, his freedom from bigotry, envy, and all uncharitableness, are the qualities upon which we who knew and loved him fain would dwell to the exclusion of those attributes of intellect and character which excited our admiration and so distinguished his public career. And yet the "elements were so mixed in him"—his gentleness, his courage, his magnanimity, his robust manhood, his humor, and his remarkable intellectual gifts—that it is hard to analyze the man or consider him otherwise than he was, teres atque rotundus.

His public life was a long and full one. It covered a period replete with interest to his State and country. Fearless in the expression of his mature convictions, he

had an almost unequaled power of impressing them on the Senate and the country.

His equipment as an orator was strong and unique. Great quickness of perception was united to great facility and felicity of speech. His mind was well disciplined and logical, and he maintained the purpose and continuity of his argument with great ability and skill. But it was in what is called running debate that, it seemed to me, his greatest power was displayed. The quick play of his intellectual forces here made him preeminent. Sarcasm, repartee, humor, were all at instant command. Of these weapons he had always a quiver full, and woe to the antagonist who carelessly exposed himself to them. But this ready wit never left scars behind.

> He never made a brow look dark
> Nor caused a tear but when he died.

Like lambent lightning, his wit was softly bright; it illuminated, but did not burn.

There are few of us who can not recall the delight occasioned by its display, and how story, epigram, and apt illustration lighted up many a tedious discussion, his clearness of mental vision making many a crooked path straight. No debate was dull in which he engaged, and no one cared to leave this Chamber when VANCE was on the floor.

No one who heard the long debate on the tariff bill of 1890 will ever forget the part which was taken in it by Senator VANCE.

As a member of the Finance Committee of this body he bore in large measure the burden of that memorable discussion. The details of the bill were thoroughly mastered by him, and he devoted laborious days and nights to the

study of the complex and difficult questions involved in its consideration. He sacrificed his ease and comfort to the performance of his duty, and his unremitting devotion to the work before him through the long weeks and months of that spring and summer cost him the sight of an eye and greatly impaired his naturally strong constitution.

It has been given to few men to carve for themselves so secure a niche in the temple of their country's fame.

Senator VANCE was thoroughly in touch with the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call them. He understood them, and was one in feelings and sympathy with them. He loved the folklore of the mountain districts of his own State, and dwelt with fond pleasure on the home-bred traits and fireside virtues of the people among whom he lived.

And right royally did that generous people return his love.

It was my sad privilege, Mr. President, to be one of the committee that accompanied his remains to their last resting place in the State he loved so well, and I was witness to the spontaneous expression of affectionate regard for his memory.

The demonstration was confined to no class or color. Wherever we went rich and poor, white and black, alike seemed in their grief to have received that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

And when we had performed the last melancholy offices for the dead, and left him in his grave on the mountain side, amid the beautiful scenery of the French Broad, we felt that no monumental marble would be necessary to preserve the rich heritage of the name and fame of ZEBULON B. VANCE to his State and country.

Address of Mr. Blackburn.

Mr. President: I have thought that it might be better that these ceremonies should be changed and that whatever was to be said of the dead might be said at the time when the announcement of the death was made.

If I had taken counsel of the love that I bore this man I would have come as others have, with a carefully arranged and prepared eulogy illustrating his virtues and his merits. But I have not. However, I listened to the address delivered by his surviving colleague, and it went far to remove the prejudice that I hold against these ceremonials, for never in all my life did I hear the virtues, the merits, the worth of a man more eloquently portrayed, more fairly and truthfully put.

I can not agree to let this occasion go by without attesting at the expense of the time of the Senate for one minute the appreciation in which I held this man and the love that I cherished for him. His genial nature attracted everybody. There was a special reason for me to know him closely. The widow whom he left behind him is a cherished and petted daughter of my State. That naturally drew us together. I knew him for the last twenty years. I knew him by reputation before. Whether as soldier or as citizen, as member of the other House, as member of this Chamber, or as governor of his State in the stormiest day that this country ever knew, he loomed up always above the forms of those by whom he was surrounded. He was known as the great war governor of the

South, and ranked side by side with the great Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who represented the loyalty of the Union at that dark hour.

This man's character, Mr. President, is best illustrated by an instance with which I became acquainted only within the last week, and but for which I would not have asked the indulgence of the Senate to attest my love to his memory. The General Commanding the Armies of this country told me less than a week ago that when the war ended he was left in command of the district of North Carolina. He received an order peremptory from the War Office here to arrest Governor VANCE, to capture all his papers and correspondence and send them to the War Department. He said he knew full well that VANCE was not seeking to flee the country or avoid arrest, but that he sent an officer up to his mountain home with instructions to capture every paper that belonged to his official or his personal correspondence and bring them there; and the officer did.

General Schofield sent Governor VANCE with those papers and records here to the then Secretary of War. We all remember that that was Pennsylvania's great war officer, Stanton, whom some people thought was not mild, whom some thought was even savage; but who, in my judgment, in point of efficiency and ability was the greatest war minister that the earth has known since the days of the elder Carnot of France. General Schofield sent Governor VANCE here, and among those records he sent the book which contained every particle of correspondence that VANCE had ever held with the President of the dead Confederacy. All was open, and Stanton examined

it all. When he did, and saw what this man had done, how persistent his efforts had been to ameliorate the condition of Federal prisoners and to assuage the horrors of war, this great Secretary said to him, "Upon your record you stand acquitted; you are at liberty to go where you will."

Mr. President, may not we who knew this man so well and loved him so closely indulge the hope that another, a greater Judge, with ampler power, whose writs run throughout eternity as well as time, after examining the record of a life spent in the service of his fellows, reached the same conclusion and delivered the same verdict that Stanton did, and told our dead friend that "Upon your record you stand acquitted, and through all the shining realms of Paradise you may go where you will."

Address of Mr. George.

Mr. President: I willingly comply with the request of the senior Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Ransom] to take part in these memorial services.

My personal acquaintance with Senator Vance commenced in 1881, when I became a member of the Senate. He had then been a Senator for a time long enough to acquire a leadership on the Democratic side of this Chamber—a leadership which was every year more and more distinctly recognized until his death.

From the very first I was attached to him, not more by his many high social qualities than by a conviction on my part of his great value as a statesman. Our association was such that it enables me to say with pride that we were friends. His powers of debate were remarkable and in many respects unrivaled. He possessed sound logic, which enabled him to solve the most difficult problems and to present his views on them with great clearness and force. He was gifted also with great humor, which he used in debate with effectiveness in illustrating his argument. He used his great powers of wit and humor not as mere ornament to his discourse, but always as a substantial aid to his argument. This gift was always made subordinate to, and a servant of, his powers of reasoning. He was one of the few men whom I have known who, being possessed of brilliant powers to please and attract by wit, humor, and anecdote, never succumbed to the

temptation to be amusing and agreeable at the expense of being instructive.

In any legislative body in the world he would have been esteemed great.

The moral side of Senator VANCE was no less admirable. He was brave, generous, magnanimous, humane, tender, and, above all, honest; honest not only in his actions, but in his thoughts. He had his high ideal of the good, and lived up to it without deviation. His idea of honesty did not stop at fairness in dealings with others, but it compelled an adherence to fair dealing with himself, an honest and upright purpose in the ends he sought, either by private enterprise or public service. He had an ambition to serve in public life, but it was an ambition which found gratification only in rendering great public service. He loved the great mass of his countrymen; he sympathized in their struggles and in their aspirations. His ambition was to make these struggles easier, and to make these aspirations higher and nobler, and to secure to them as the end more happiness and greater advancement.

In an age where the occasional demoralization of public men had cast suspicion upon high characters, not the slightest taint ever rested upon him. He was unspotted. He went through the fiery ordeal with no stain upon his garment. He had that high devotion to the people's rights and interests that he could not view public measures in any other aspect than as to their effect on the general welfare. He never considered them with reference to their effect on his own personal or political fortunes or for the purpose of advancing the interest of a few favorites of fortune or of government.

In conclusion I feel warranted in saying that the sober verdict of history will assign to Senator VANCE a very high place in the first class of American statesmen, and that his death, at that stage of the development of his high powers when his greatness and usefulness were recognized by all, came too soon for the public good, and was a great national loss.

Address of Mr. Call.

Mr. President: I served in the Senate during the entire term of service of the departed Senator, and I sat near him and in his immediate presence for many years. I knew him well, and admired him for his excellent fancy, his infinite wit and mirth, which staled not, neither grew weary, and for his great talents, his learning and accomplishments, and more than all for the great, noble heart which was ever full of love and sympathy for all that was good and beautiful, and for devotion to right and duty and to the uplifting of the people into a brighter and happier life. The common saying, "None knew him but to love him," had in him its full and truthful example and illustration.

I leave to others more familiar with his life and services in his own State the record of his life there and the story of the love and devotion of the people of the State of North Carolina to him and their pride in his talents, his character, and his great and varied public services, and will confine my observations to the impression he made upon the Senate in debate and in the familiar intercourse of the cloakroom and of social life. We all knew that his was a mind of a high order, active, vigilant, investigating, stored with facts acquired from constant reading and study, and a spirit pure and untarnished from the world's contact, but growing brighter, purer, and stronger by the exercise of the highest virtues.

If wit and mirth and merriment with its genial atmosphere always came from his presence and dissipated all sorrow and gloom, it did not obscure the light of his talents and his learning, but gave the greater admiration of his varied gifts and made us all feel that the poet Byron's description of Sheridan, that nature made but one such man, was true of him, and that she had in ZEBULON B. VANCE given to the Senate and the country another Sheridan. Between these two men, both of whom are now historical, there was much resemblance in the nature of their talents and their qualities of heart and character, though differing widely in their habits of life.

The luster of Sheridan's and Vance's names and characters for wit and genius and great and varied gifts of mind and lovely emotions and sympathies still remains and sheds a light of joy and gladness upon our race and the spirit of our literature.

In yon historic hall the memory and the traditions of the genius and learning of the departed great men of our race are stored for our study, our instruction, our example, our delight, and our encouragement to renewed efforts to elevate our race, and to teach us that there is a life beyond for the spirit and its gifts, and for the character formed of such like efforts, emotions, and sympathies—a life of joy and brightness.

To Senator ZEBULON B. VANCE belongs a higher tribute of praise than even our love and admiration can give him.

I have read somewhere a legend from the East, the land where we find traces of a civilization equal if not superior to our own, a civilization which has been lost and

forgotten, which perished without a history, and which is only known by tradition and the excavated remains of art and sculpture and the massive ruins of an architecture impossible to us. In this strange land of an ancient and ruined civilization and of the lost arts, which the great orator and philanthropist of Massachusetts, Wendell Phillips, in his orations on the lost arts describes—from this people, it is said, comes this tradition.

An Eastern sage had passed his life in study and in devotion to the good of the people. After death he passed into the presence of the recording angel at the gates of Paradise. The angel, with the book of life open before him, said, "What hast thou done, O Abdul Kadiz, that thou shouldst be admitted within the gates of Paradise?" The sage replied, "I have loved my fellow-men!" The angel said, "It is written in the great book of life, 'Abdul Kadiz; he loved his fellow-men.' Enter thou into the joys of Paradise;" and wide sprung open the golden gates.

If this legend of the spirit land as it came from the forgotten race, with all its perished life, be true, the spirit of our departed brother when he came into the presence of the angel with the great book of life, when asked, "What hast thou done to enter within the gates of Paradise?" said, "I have loved my fellow-men," and the angel with the book of life replied, "Thus it is written in the great book of life—thou hast loved thy fellow-men; enter thou into the joys of Paradise."

In the mysterious and never-ending procession of our race from infancy until it disappears in that future of which we know not, except in the faith of religion and

reason; in the midst of all its dark and cruel shades there has appeared in all its career a light of love and gentleness, of truth and self-sacrifice, which illumines its dark and bloody features, and lifts humanity into a happier and more beautiful life. For nearly two thousand years the God man, the Christ of our religion, has given to humanity the example and the instruction of this higher and better life.

In His footsteps the noble army of martyrs, the seed of the Church, whose praise is ever chanted, have trodden; and amongst the spirits whose life has been one of love for mankind, although not called to be a martyr, will be justly placed our departed brother, whose wit delighted, whose talents instructed, whose life encourages other men to enlist in the great work of making our race happier in their lives, and free it from the dominion of vice and want and cruelty.

What nobler anthem than this can be sung over his departure from us! What more comforting thought can come to those who remain, to the lovely woman whose care and devotion brightened his life, stimulated his spirit, and encouraged him in thoughts of high accomplishment, of high courage and constant labor for right and duty, and which cheered and softened the last hours of his life with us!

To Senator VANCE we may truthfully apply the beautiful monody of Byron to Sheridan upon his departure from this life.

They so resembled each other in their intellects, their emotions, their gifts, that the description of one applies to the other.

A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose hour
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name.
The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence,
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,
Set with their Sun.

* * * * *

From the charm'd council to the festive board,
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;

* * * * *

The gay creations of his spirit charm,
The matchless dialogue—the deathless wit,
Which knew not what it was to intermit.

* * * * *

Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
He was your master—emulate him *here.*
Ye Men of wit and social eloquence!
He was your brother—bear his ashes hence
While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
Complete in kind—as various in their change,
While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,

* * * * *

Survive within our souls—while lives our sense
Of pride in Merit's proud preeminence,
Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain.

Address of Mr. Dubois.

Mr. President: Zebulon B. Vance was born on the 13th day of May, 1830, in Buncombe County, N. C. He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and the University of North Carolina. In January, 1852, he was admitted to the bar and was elected attorney for his native county in the same year. In 1854 he served as a member of the State house of commons of North Carolina, and was a Representative from North Carolina in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. In May, 1861, he entered the Confederate army as a captain and was promoted to a colonelcy in August of the same year. He was elected governor of North Carolina in August, 1862, and was reelected in August, 1864.

He was known as the war governor of his State, and during his administration the great writ of habeas corpus was never suspended. During his incumbency of the office of governor, and just at the close of the war, his State was taken possession of by the Federal troops. He was captured, released on parole, and confined to Iredell County, N. C. In a short time thereafter he was again taken in charge by a company of United States troops at Statesville, N. C., and brought from there to the Old Capitol Prison, in Washington, where he was confined for about three months.

In November, 1870, Governor Vance was elected to the United States Senate, but was unable to qualify because his political disabilities had not been removed. He

resigned his claim to a seat in the Senate in January, 1872. In the same year he was again the Democratic nominee for United States Senator, but was defeated by a combination of bolting Democrats and Republicans, who elected the late Judge Merrimon. In the mean time he practiced law in Charlotte, N. C., with the Hon. Clement Dowd, with whom he remained in partnership until 1876, when he was, for the third time, nominated for governor of his State and elected by a large majority—the Republicans, up to that time, having had control of the State government from the close of the war. On March 18, 1879, Senator VANCE, having again been elected to the United States Senate—this time to succeed Senator Merrimon—took his seat in this Chamber and remained a member of this body until the day of his death, April 14, 1894. His term of service would not have expired until March 4, 1897.

No man, I believe, has ever enjoyed to a greater extent the love and affection of the people of his State. It was genuine love and affection, and I was told that when the news of his death was announced many men and women, as well as children, all over his State, wept as if they had lost a near and dear relative as well as friend. He appreciated keenly the friendship of his people and the many honors they had conferred upon him, and was, in turn, their true, loyal, and devoted friend and champion to his last dying breath. No one of his constituents was too humble to be accorded an interview at any time, and to be rendered a service if it was in his power to aid or cheer them.

The respect and devotion uniformly shown by the people at his funeral was such as is rarely, if ever, accorded

to a public man. Throngs of people lined the railroad track all the way from Raleigh to Asheville. The night before reaching Asheville was ideal, and peculiar to Southern climes. The moon was shining full, the air was balmy, and most of us who composed the funeral escort sat up until long past midnight. In the early hours of the morning, as the train would whirl past a small station, hundreds of people could be seen standing on the banks near the track in solemn and reverent silence. They knew the train would not stop, yet they had traveled many miles in order to pay this last tribute of love to their departed leader and friend. All with whom I came in contact said that Senator VANCE was regarded as a personal friend by everyone.

I was particularly struck with a little incident that happened as the funeral train was passing through Durham, N. C., where it stopped for a few moments, to allow the citizens to view the remains. The crowd was so great that it was with difficulty that people could reach the funeral car; in fact, many were not able to get there at all, and among the latter was an old lady who was deeply disappointed at being prevented from taking a last look at her departed friend. She tried to console herself, however, by showing to the crowd a twenty-five cent and a ten-cent silver piece which she had placed upon the track as the train ran into the station. They were completely flattened out, and she proposed to keep them as mementos. She said it was all the money she had on earth.

Another touching incident occurred at Asheville, where he was buried. The surviving soldiers of his old company who went to the front with him when the late war broke

out attended the funeral in a body, or rather all of them who were able. There was one who lived many miles from the city, and who, on account of being a cripple from wounds received, could not go to the grave. At the hour for the last sad services to commence, however, he had himself carried to the little building not far away, which served both as country schoolhouse and church, and there he solemnly tolled the bell as long as he thought the rites were continuing.

Senator VANCE could not bear unfriendly or strained relations with any of his colleagues, and always found a way to overcome them. It was my lot to run counter to him during my early life in Congress. He bitterly opposed the admission of Idaho to the Union, which I as the Delegate was urging, and made a speech full of sarcasm and ridicule adverse to our claims. His picture of our citizens was a most severe arraignment. After Idaho became a State, and my seat in the Senate was contested, Senator VANCE took the side of my opponent and earnestly contended against the legality of my election. Several months after the contest had been decided in my favor, and when we were fighting on the same side in favor of silver, he came to my seat one day and said: "Dubois, I am willing to forgive you for everything I have done against you and Idaho." From that time until his death I had the honor and pleasure of his friendship and confidence.

I believe that more than all else, if possible, he cherished and prided himself upon the confidence his people had in his integrity and honesty. He often spoke of it, and said they knew "his hands were clean," and if he had made

mistakes they were mistakes of judgment, and not made through dishonest motives.

His sense of humor remained with him to the last. Twenty-four hours before he died he sent for his friend and colleague, Senator Blackburn. Orders had been given by his physician that he must not be excited by visitors. "Joe," said VANCE, "they say I must not see anyone, but you won't hurt me, and you know I can't hurt you." In that interview, which he knew was his last, he cheered his friend with anecdotes and reminiscences, and sent kindly words to his colleagues whom he was leaving.

Address of Mr. Chandler.

Mr. President: The tributes of affection given to the memory of Senator Vance when, on the 17th of April last, we bore his remains to their last resting place, proved that he was universally beloved by the people of the State of North Carolina, without distinction of party or of race. Wherever the train halted crowds of friendly sympathizers, with sad faces and kindly words, expressed their sense of their loss of their Senator, whom all seemed to have known as a friend, and whose fame all seemed to feel was a glory to them and their Commonwealth.

South and east we went to Raleigh; all business was suspended and the whole region poured out its crowds to take a last look at the form of their great citizen, soldier, governor, and Senator, resting within the precincts of the State capitol. Not merely the governor and State officers, but all the people, old and young, men, women, and children, white and black, pressed through the portals to say farewell to him they loved as a public man has seldom been loved by those whom he has served.

Then we went westward toward the mountain home of our departed friend. All the stations were thronged with eager yet gentle mourners. At Durham, most melodious voices, coming from men and women with black faces and toil-worn hands, sang with touching pathos, "Father, we rest in Thy love." At Greensboro the little station was crowded with citizens, and the old Twenty-sixth Regiment

Band of Salem-Winston, which had followed the fortunes of war with their chieftain, discoursed sacred music.

At last, on the morning of the 18th, we reached the section where our friend was born. From the surrounding towns to Asheville came delegations; from Charlotte, Hendersonville, Marion, Morganton, Winston, Salisbury, and others whose names have passed from me. In remoter places we learned that all labor had ceased; buildings were draped; flags were half-masted, and commemorative services were held. In Asheville the day was wholly given to the burial of their beloved dead. It seemed as if every resident came to see in death him whom they had known so well in life. Masons, Odd Fellows, State militia, Confederate veterans, local organizations of many names, were the escort to and from the church. The school children, in their beauty and freshness, lined the roadway; and after appropriate religious rites, in the beautiful cemetery at Riverside, on the slopes of the valley of the noble French Broad River—ashes to ashes, dust to dust—we committed to mother earth, from which it sprung, the lifeless body of him whose immortal soul had left its tenement of clay, and who, even as we stood there mourning, was walking with the angelic hosts in the streets of the New Jerusalem.

Mr. President, almost unqualified praise may be spoken of the character of this son of North Carolina whom we now commemorate. Born among the mountains which are so surely the home of untamed freedom, he was self-reliant and independent. He was a strong man naturally and intellectually, and made himself a name and a fame as a lawyer, as an orator, and as a statesman which gave him a high place in the history of his State, and entitle him to

manifestations of respect and honor from this Senate and from the people of the United States.

As a public speaker to large audiences he stood among the foremost of his generation. He was gifted in that great essential of a popular orator, a vivid imagination, enabling him to freely illustrate his ideas and thus reiterate them to his auditors with great effect. His accurate memory supplemented his imaginative powers, and with his fine person and pleasing voice he early became the leading orator of his day in his State, and from the attractiveness and power of his speeches, in every part of that widely extended Commonwealth, he came to be the most familiar figure to her citizens of all her prominent characters, admired, sought for, applauded, and beloved to a height of personal popularity seldom reached by a public man.

For his many-sided and superior abilities he is remembered and mourned by his people. I love to think of him as a tender friend. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, without which life in this sad and mysterious state of existence would be worth so little, and with geniality of temper and manner, he was endeared to all his associates in this body. They were always glad when he appeared; they rejoiced in his companionship; his wit delighted them without inflicting pain, and they parted from him always with reluctance. I am thankful that I was allowed the privilege of assisting in bearing his mortal frame to its last resting place, and that I am now permitted to speak even feeble and inadequate words of praise and affection for the courteous gentleman, the good citizen, the faithful husband and father, the eloquent orator and accomplished

Senator, above all, the gentle and loving friend, who has gone before us to the spirit land.

As we once more finally part in this world with one whose joyous presence lately filled our sight and thoughts, whom we can still see with eyes of mental vision, we cling to faith in immortality. This life would be worthless, and a mockery of human hope, if there were not a life beyond. Imperfection pervades every earthly possession and achievement. We can not even make an effort to understand the purposes of the Maker of the universe if this life is the whole of human existence. We can not bring ourselves to believe in His goodness if the wrongs of this life are not to be made right in a future state. Without debating dogmas, we all hope, we all believe, that somehow, somewhere, sorrow and sighing shall flee away, all souls shall be saved, and permanent happiness shall at last come to all the children of men. This faith, whether kept secret or admitted, I believe abides in the hearts of all. Mr. Froude expresses what he says is a universal feeling:

> There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety; good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit; enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent, * * * these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem; that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable.

The words of this great thinker and writer find an echo in every thoughtful human soul. But faith prevails and

hope springs eternal in the human breast. There is an existence beyond the present life where all shall be made clear. We shall see as we are seen; we shall know even as we are known.

Mr. Dickens made the poor idiotic Barnaby and the coarse, strong Hugh of the Maypole Inn hold conversations about the wonders of the visible heavens; and they inquire of each other whence comes the light of the innumerable stars that dot the skies. When they were both under sentence of death, and, just before the dawn of day, were led across the prison yard toward the place of execution, Barnaby, looking upward toward the myriad lights of the night, exclaims—

> Hugh, we shall know what makes the stars shine, now.

Our faith here to-day ought to exceed that of the poor simpleton created by the imagination of the novelist. Not only shall we know what makes the stars shine, but all the wonders of the vast universe shall be open to our search. Our homes shall be among the heavens; the problems that our burdened souls have studied so despairingly shall be happily solved, and we may even become participators in the knowledge and power of Him

> Whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
> Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides.

To this felicity the friend we now with tenderness remember has already fully advanced. We would not, if we could, bring him back to earth, slowly and painfully to die again. We wait, reverently and hopefully, for the summons to us to join him in some star that is shining, from eternity to eternity, with unfading luster in God's illimitable wilderness of worlds.

Address of Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. President: I had not intended to speak on this occasion, for the distinguished dead of whose virtues others have spoken so justly and so feelingly was to me more like a brother than a friend. But in the last few hours I have concluded to speak, and I now ask to add this simple but sincere tribute to his memory.

Zebulon Baird Vance was born in Buncombe County, N. C., on the 13th day of May, 1830, of a parentage noble in all the elements that go to make up useful, patriotic American citizens. His early life was spent on the farm and in those pursuits incident to the home life of the country people of those days. In his boyhood and early manhood he sought and received the educational advantages of the country school, the village academy, and the university of his State. His first public service, I believe, was as county solicitor, and he discharged the duties of the office with conspicuous ability for one so young in years and in the experience of the law.

In 1854 he was elected to the house of commons, as the lower house of the legislature of North Carolina was then called, and in that body he soon developed the fact that he was a born leader of men. Upon the promotion of the Hon. Thomas L. Clingman to a seat in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Vance became a candidate to fill the vacancy in the National House of Representatives from the mountain district of North Carolina, and it was in this contest that his immense popularity and strength

with the people were first developed. That district had been long represented by Mr. Clingman, who was one of the leading Democrats of the House, and upon his promotion to the Senate the Democrats selected a strong man as a candidate to fill the vacancy.

Mr. VANCE, then full of humor, life, hope, and youthful enthusiasm, entered the race against the Democratic candidate and was triumphantly elected. At the succeeding election for members of the House of Representatives the Democrats nominated another strong man and made a heroic effort to redeem the district, but VANCE was again triumphantly elected. The promise of his brilliant career in the House of Representatives was cut short by the outbreak of hostilities between the two sections of his country. Up to this time he had been an ardent Union man, but when the time came when it was manifest to him that he must fight with or against his own people he threw himself on the side of the South with all the energy for which his ardent nature was so distinguished. He entered the military service of his State and then of the Confederacy, and soon became colonel of a regiment. But of his military record I shall not speak now, as I have done that before another audience in this city.

In 1862 he was called by the soldiers and citizens of North Carolina from the camp and the field to the responsible office of governor of his State in a time of war and great anxiety, to which office he was again elected in 1864. In this great office he exhibited executive capacity of a high order. He did more. He showed himself to be the friend of the people. Although the coast of North Carolina was blockaded and every port of entry not actually in

the possession of the Union forces was closely watched by Federal gunboats and ships of war, Governor VANCE managed to purchase in Europe for his State a swift-running passenger steamer, which he caused to be converted into a blockade runner, and with this ship running in and out at Wilmington, taking out cotton, tobacco, and the like, and bringing in army, family, and hospital supplies, he cared for the North Carolina soldiers in the field and their families at home in a manner that won for him a high reputation as a governor and the lasting gratitude and loyalty of the soldiers and people of his State.

God in His wisdom decreed that this great country should be one. In its creation He made no great rivers or chains of mountains running East or West, forming a natural division, and the heroism of the Lees and Jacksons, and the Johnstons and Vances, and Gordons and Ransoms, and the patient endurance of the soldiers who followed the fiery cross could not make an artificial division and overturn the decrees of Him who doeth all things well. The end came, and with it a return of the soldiers to their wasted fields and desolate homes. But they commenced the work of rebuilding with the same heroic fortitude with which they had followed the flag of the Confederacy in camp and field.

VANCE was arrested, imprisoned in the Old Capitol at Washington, but was released after some months, and then he, too, addressed himself to the great work of bringing order out of chaos and prosperity out of poverty. Before much had been done in that direction his State passed through the bitter days and years of reconstruction, in which he stood all the time for law and order and good

government. In the election of 1870 the Democrats carried the legislature of his State, and when that body convened VANCE was elected to the United States Senate, but the Senate declined to remove his disabilities or to admit him to his seat in that body.

It was upon his return trip home after his futile effort to get his disabilities removed that he is said to have made the humorous but pointed reply to the two clergymen who, sitting in the seat in front of him, were engaged in a heated discussion of the doctrine of election. They were not able to agree, and seeing that the gentleman behind them seemed to be much interested in the discussion they appealed to him for his opinion. To their inquiry he promptly replied: "My experience is that the election is not worth much if your disabilities are not removed."

The Republicans had held the executive and judicial departments of the State government of North Carolina from July, 1868, to 1876, and they did not intend to surrender these departments without a stubborn fight. They nominated the Hon. Thomas Settle, their ablest man, for governor, to lead their forces in the great campaign of 1876, and the Democrats nominated the idol of the people, Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, to lead them. These two giants, the idols of their respective parties, agreed upon and conducted a joint canvass of the State, and for three months they addressed in joint debate the greatest political assemblages ever seen in North Carolina.

Thousands flocked to hear them every day. Great cavalcades met them on the highway and escorted them to the places of speaking. It was by far the most wonderful political campaign ever seen in the State, and VANCE

created such enthusiasm among his followers that he was swept into office by a majority of more than 13,000. He was inaugurated governor of his State for the third time on the 1st of January, 1877, but he only served out half of his term of four years. Being elected to the United States Senate in January, 1879, he resigned the office of governor to accept a seat in the Senate, and his successor in the governor's office was inaugurated on the 5th day of February, 1879. The reforms and plans which he inaugurated during his two years of service as governor for the development and upbuilding of his State were pursued and carried out by his successor in office to the great advantage of the people and the public interest.

He was reelected Senator in 1885 and again in 1891. Of his service in the Senate, of which the people of his State are justly proud, I shall not speak. His colleagues who served with him have lovingly done this. Thus we see that he was twice elected to the lower House of Congress, three times governor of his State, and four times to the United States Senate. In these particulars, taken together, he had an indorsement by the people of his State never given to any other North Carolinian.

Mr. President, I have thus far spoken of the public services of this truly great man. I now beg to detain the Senate a moment with a few observations on some of his characteristics. He was an intellectual giant, and could have easily been in the foremost rank of any department of life to which he devoted his time and attention. He gave his life to the public service and to the people. His success was their success; his glory, their glory. They shared in all his trials and all his triumphs. No man in public

life ever stood more steadfastly by the people and for the people than did ZEBULON B. VANCE.

In his political creed he was both a republican and a democrat in the broadest and best sense of these terms. He was a republican in that he believed in a republic. He was a democrat in that he believed in the people ruling that republic. Mr. President, our impressions of objects and men are often colored, if not controlled, by the point of view from which we see or contemplate them. So our conclusions are often biased, if not actually formed, by the standpoint from which we approach the study of great public questions. VANCE always approached the study of these questions from a safe and right standpoint, and he always reached correct conclusions.

His starting point was plain and simple, but sure and safe. It was from the standpoint of the people's interest. He argued this is the people's Government. They are the sovereigns, and those chosen to make or administer the law are their servants. What is their interest in this matter? was his inquiry. That being determined, the way was easy and the path of duty plain. The people's good was what he always aimed at. No power on earth could turn him aside from that line of action. The people of his State knew and appreciated his devotion to them and they loved him for it. They were ever ready to follow where he led. His God was their God; his ballot, their ballot.

Individual rights and the majesty of the civil law never had a warmer advocate or more steadfast friend in this country than this great tribune of the people. I doubt if there were many States in the Union or the Confederacy during the war in which the writ of habeas corpus, that

great writ of the people's rights, could at all times be promptly executed and obeyed. In most of the States I presume men were arrested, imprisoned, detained, and denied the benefits of this great writ, but it did not happen in North Carolina.

Governor VANCE, although ardently supporting the Confederacy, stood by the writ, even in the face of the army itself, and upheld the majesty of the civil law. At no time in his whole public career was he ever known to consent to the surrender of or encroachment upon any of the individual rights of an American citizen, but he was ever ready with tongue and pen to defend them from any attack, no matter whence that attack came. He was truly a student of the science of government, of politics, of the history of the rise and progress of states, nations, and peoples, and the more he learned and knew the more ardently attached he became to republican America and her democratic institutions. It was here that the people had their greatest opportunities and their highest aspirations. It was his glory to stand by the people in all their struggles and aspirations for broader opportunities and a higher and better life.

As a writer, a humorist, and an orator he was in the front rank of the foremost men of his day. But of these I shall not speak. That work will best be performed by his biographer. It was as a public servant and as a friend that I knew him best, and it is of these that I have preferred to speak. Many circumstances brought us close together, and I may be pardoned for saying that it is probable that I had his confidence as fully and knew as much of his inward life and labors and thoughts in the interest

of the people and the public service as any one of his closest friends. I think he has talked freely with me about every public question that has been of any concern to the people of North Carolina since the close of the war, and I desire here in my place in the Senate to say that I never heard him discuss one of these questions in his own interest. The only concern I ever knew him to have was how to solve them in the true and best interest of the people. He was always ready to assume any responsibility or to undergo any labor which, in his opinion, could serve the public interest.

In that section of the State where he was born and where his body now rests there are many grand and lofty mountains standing upon their eternal base and lifting their heads into the very clouds. Some are three, some four, some five, and some are more than six thousand feet high. Any one of them serves as a guide to the traveler and impresses him with its grandeur and greatness. But there is one that towers high above them all. Mount Mitchell stands out boldly as the great center of attraction, and it is to this that people always turn when they wish to gaze upon the perfection and consummation of great mountain scenery in all its magnificence and sublimity.

So in North Carolina we have had great men, any one of whom was and is an honor to the State, and of whom our people have been and still are justly proud; but it is no disparagement to those to say that ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE was the Mount Mitchell of all our great men, and that in the affections and love of the people he towered above them all. As ages to come will not be able to mar the grandeur and greatness of Mount Mitchell, so they will

not be able to efface from the hearts and minds of the people the name and memory of their beloved VANCE.

In the days of his toil and labors, when fatigue and weariness came upon him, he was fond of retiring to his native mountains, and there, beneath their shadows, he found rest and restoration. When his life work was done it was meet and proper that his body should be laid to rest at the feet of these same mountains. Shall his body again be restored? Is death an eternal sleep, or is it rest to the body, which in God's own appointed time shall come forth again, restored and reunited with the immortal soul?

This man was not too great to accept the teachings of the Christian religion. He believed in the immortality of the soul and in the resurrection of the body. He was a great student of the Bible, and few were more conversant with the Scriptures than he was. He obeyed its precepts and seized upon its promises. It was in this faith that he passed from time to eternity. And oh, Mr. President, what a comfort it is to know that our friends die in such a faith! How insignificant human greatness becomes in the presence of death or any great manifestations of divine power!

Man, isolated and alone, is but a tiny atom in the created universe. In the busy bustle of life, with his friends and fellows shouting his praise, man feels his importance and his power; but let him stand out alone in the dread darkness of night, when the heavens are black and angry or when the earth quakes and trembles, and then how utterly helpless and dependent he becomes! It is in such times as these, as well as in the still more trying ordeal when he enters alone, as he must do, the dark valley and shadow of

death, that man is ready to acknowledge his nothingness and to cry out to an invisible power for help.

Oh, what a blessing it is in an hour like that to feel that He who created the worlds and controls all the forces of nature has us in His keeping, and, like a loving father, doth care for us and guide us! Our dead friend had that blessing. While in the sunshine and vigor of life he complied with the conditions set out in the Bible upon which he could have the love and companionship of his Heavenly Father when the storm came and Death claimed him as his own. Shall we see him again? May God in His infinite mercy receive us with him into His Kingdom above.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, I beg leave to state that it was the desire and purpose of the Senator from Connecticut [Mr. Hawley] and the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Daniel] to speak in affectionate remembrance and honor of Senator VANCE, but they were both called away unavoidably and could not be here.

Mr. HARRIS (Mr. Butler in the chair). As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned until Monday, January 21, 1895, at 12 o'clock m.

Proceedings in the House.

April 16, 1894.

The House met at 12 o'clock m. The Chaplain, Rev. E. B. Bagby, made the following prayer:

O Thou Great Disposer of all human events, with whom are the issues of life and death, bow down Thine ear and hear our supplications. We bring to Thee our hearts, tender with sympathy for the sorrows of those who mourn. How often of late, O Lord, have our ranks been broken, and men in high places of authority and dear to the hearts of the people have been called hence to give an account of their stewardship; and Death, with equal footstep, is knocking at the palace of the rich and the humble cot of the poor; and so Thou art teaching us the shortness and uncertainty of human life. May we fix our affections upon things above and not upon things on the earth; and as our bodies are frail and as our days are few may we live as if there were but a step between us and death. And when the end comes, O Lord, may we lie down in peace to sleep, and upon the morning of the resurrection may we awake in the light of Thy love and the joy of Thy presence and live with Thee forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

* * * * * *

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Platt, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with great sorrow of the death of the Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That a committee of nine Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. VANCE, which will take place to-day in the Senate Chamber, at 4 o'clock p. m., and that the Senate will attend the same.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect entertained by the Senate for his memory, his remains be removed from Washington to North Carolina in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry this resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these proceedings to the House of Representatives, and invite the House of Representatives to attend the funeral to-day, Monday, at 4 o'clock p. m., and to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the Senate.

The message also announced that in compliance with the foregoing the Vice-President had appointed as said committee Mr. Ransom, Mr. George, Mr. Gray, Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Coke, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Dubois, Mr. White, and Mr. Manderson.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions of the Senate.

The Clerk read the resolutions, as set forth in the above message.

Mr. HENDERSON of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the House appoint a committee of nine members, to act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Senate, to make the necessary arrangements and to accompany the remains to the place of burial.

Resolved, That the House accept the invitation of the Senate to attend the funeral this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Resolved, That a recess be now taken until 3.45 p. m., at which hour the House will proceed in a body to the Senate Chamber to attend the funeral, and at the conclusion thereof, on return to its Chamber, the Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, shall declare the House adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House notify the Senate of the action of the House.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

Mr. HENDERSON of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, having finished his course on earth, now rests from his labors in a better world. After having done much good in his generation, he has been gathered unto his fathers, and his lot will no longer be cast in this vale of misery and tears.

Mr. Speaker, ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE was a very great man, and was exceedingly beloved by the people of North Carolina, and the whole State, now in mourning for him, will long deeply and sincerely lament his loss.

This is not the time, however, for commemorating the virtues and services of the departed. At some time in the future the House will be asked to set apart a day on which the friends of the deceased may pay proper tribute to his individual worth and to his long, faithful, and distinguished public services. On this solemn and mournful occasion my heart overflows with kindly feeling and tenderness for his bereaved widow and children, and for all who are near and dear to them. They are indeed desolate and oppressed. In this sad hour of their trial and affliction they have the comforting and heartfelt sympathy, not only of the people of North Carolina, but of the whole Union.

Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which have been read.

The resolutions were agreed to; and the Speaker appointed as the committee on the part of the House Mr. Henderson of North Carolina, Mr. Black of Illinois, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Brookshire, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Daniels, Mr. Strong, Mr. Blair, and Mr. Houk.

And then, in accordance with the terms of the resolutions, the House took a recess until 3.45 o'clock p. m.

The recess having expired, the House, at 3 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m., resumed its session.

The SPEAKER. The House will now attend the funeral of the late Senator VANCE in the Senate Chamber.

The House then proceeded in a body to the Senate Chamber. At the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies the House returned.

In accordance with the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the dead Senator, the Speaker declared the House adjourned.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That Saturday, the 23d day of February next, beginning at 3 o'clock p. m., be set apart for eulogies on the life and services of the late ZEBULON B. VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carolina.

Mr. HENDERSON of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, late a Senator from the State of North Carloina.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, and in recognition of his eminent ability and illustrious public services, the House, at the conclusion of these memorial services, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were adopted.

Address of Mr. Henderson of North Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: Zebulon Baird Vance was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13, 1830, and died in the city of Washington, D. C., April 14, 1894, being almost sixty-four years old. He received a thorough English education. He first entered Washington College, Tennessee, and afterwards went to the University of North Carolina, where he remained one year; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1852, commencing the practice at Asheville, the county seat of his native county. In the same year he was elected county attorney of Buncombe County; was elected a member of the State house of commons in 1854; was elected a Representative to the Thirty-fifth Congress in 1858 as a State Rights American, succeeding to the vacancy created by the resignation of the Hon. Thomas L. Clingman upon the latter's election to the United States Senate; was also a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress.

His service in Congress began December 7, 1858, and ended March 3, 1861. He entered the Confederate army as captain in May, 1861, and became colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment North Carolina Infantry in August, 1861. He was elected governor of North Carolina in August, 1862, and reelected in August, 1864. At the close of the war he was arrested by a company of Federal troops and confined in the Old Capitol Prison for a few weeks. Shortly after the war he removed to Charlotte and entered upon the active practice of the law; was elected to the

United States Senate in November, 1870, but, being denied admission upon the ground that his political disabilities had not been removed, he resigned in January, 1872. In the same year he was again the Democratic nominee for United States Senator, but was not elected by the general assembly; was elected governor of North Carolina for the third time in 1876, and in January, 1879, was elected to the United States Senate; was reelected in January, 1885, and again reelected in January, 1891. He died in peace and in the full possession of all his faculties, at his residence in the city of Washington, 1627 Massachusetts avenue, on April 14, 1894.

Of him it may be said, as King David said unto his servants when announcing the death of Abner:

> There is * * * a great man fallen * * * in Israel.

He was indeed great intellectually and morally, and I do not believe there was ever a time during the whole period of his career when he was not conscious of his own great powers and qualities; but he was entirely free from any peculiar egotism or individual self-esteem. He was one of the most lovable of men, and if he was never at a loss to hold decided opinions of his own and to express them clearly and courageously, he always did so with humility and modesty. He had a giant's strength, but the softness, simplicity, and heart of a child. At school and at college he was recognized by teachers and students alike as one who had the promise of a brilliant future.

He was a ready, humorous, and fluent speaker, and a bright and witty conversationalist; and before he left college he acquired a reputation for genius and originality. His popularity everywhere and at all times was a matter of

course and something phenomenal, in school, in college, in the legislature, in the army, as governor of the State, as a private citizen, and in Congress. Like the Chevalier Bayard, he may be said to have been, in most phases of his character, a man "without fear and without reproach." Before the war began in 1861 he had served one term in the State legislature and two terms in the United States House of Representatives, and in both of these assemblies he achieved distinction and took high rank. Although a strong believer in State rights, he did not originally favor the withdrawal of the Southern States from the Union.

When war was inevitable he cast his lot with his State and went to the front in the defense of the people of North Carolina and of the Southern States; and the Confederate States never had a more faithful or loyal friend and supporter. It was not his fortune to serve long in the army, but he was a brave officer and soldier, and at the battle of Newbern he displayed skill and capacity as an officer and was conspicuous for his gallantry and courageous conduct on the field, and for services in that battle he was highly commended by his superiors in command.

During the four years of the war—the times that tried men's souls—he was equal to every occasion and emergency. Until he was elected governor of the State in 1862 he served in the field, sharing all the privations of the soldiers of his command with the same endurance, courage, and patience which pertained to the lot of the private soldier and with an alacrity and hopefulness born of true devotion to the Confederate cause. As governor of the State he showed himself at his best, and no American Commonwealth during the exciting and troublous period

of the war had a wiser, more successful, or more capable executive. He built up and husbanded in a remarkable and most skillful way all the resources of the State. No State furnished as many soldiers in proportion to population to the Confederate cause as North Carolina, and no soldiers of any State were better, braver, or more patriotic.

Governor VANCE was a splendid organizer. His blockade runners enabled him to export cotton and other products of the State to Liverpool and other European ports and to receive in exchange many necessary supplies for the use of the soldiers and people of North Carolina. There was dire distress in the State. Not only was there suffering among the soldiers, but starvation threatened many a household at home. The widows and orphans were provided for, and, as far as was possible, all who were in distress. Governor VANCE did everything in his power to make comfortable provision for the Federal prisoners confined at Salisbury. In every county in the State relief committees were organized to help and succor the poor and needy. The noble women of North Carolina, with patriotic devotion and genuine enthusiasm, responded to his every appeal. They ministered to the necessities of the sick and suffering, the wounded and dying. They clothed and fed the soldiers of the army and the destitute at home. If doing good is the great way of enriching character, how great must their reward be! Their works do follow them! These good and lovely women did not expect payment in this world for their deeds of kindness and charity. Their citizenship and reward is in Heaven beyond the skies! "Heaven-born charity," it has been beautifully said, "is the sovereign antidote for all the ills of womanhood."

At the close of the war the name of VANCE was very dear to the people of North Carolina, and their love and esteem for him continued to the very last. Men, women, and children all admired and revered him, and the people of the State gave the most genuine proofs of their attachment and love for him. In 1876 they elected him governor for the third time, and the general assembly four times elected him United States Senator. I had the honor and privilege, as a member of the State senate, to vote for Governor VANCE for United States Senator at the time of his election by the general assembly in January, 1879.

If Senator VANCE was not distinguished as a lawyer it was because he did not practice long enough to build up a great reputation, but he was certainly an accomplished forensic speaker and a splendid advocate at the bar. Until after he entered the Senate he had no reputation as a student. His Senatorial career commenced March 4, 1879, and thereafter he became a constant and faithful student of the tariff, of finance, and other economic questions, and he wrote and spoke much on all these subjects. He was a good writer and a charming speaker. On the hustings he had few equals anywhere, and in the Senate he was always heard with attention and respect. He was a great debater, and had an easy command of the English language. At times he was eloquent, and he was always humorous, instructive, and entertaining. He had an interesting and inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and when he could not demolish his antagonist by argument he effectively turned upon him the weapons of irony, invective, and ridicule. He did not indulge in the flowers of oratory, but very few men excelled him in accuracy of speech or in strength of expression.

His Senatorial colleagues admired and esteemed him greatly; and the tributes recently paid to his memory in the other House are marvels of eloquence and accuracy of judgment, and indicate a very keen insight into his character. Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, said that "never in all his life did he hear the virtues, the merits, and worth of a man more eloquently portrayed, more fairly and truthfully put" than by Senator Ransom in the Senate. Senator VANCE was a statesman of spotless integrity, and no country ever had a truer patriot. He was the friend of education, religion, and learning. Among his contemporaries he held a foremost rank in fame and merit. He was ever the friend of the people, especially the humble, the needy, and the oppressed.

Like Daniel Webster, he believed the Government of the United States to be the people's Government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people. And I say it reverently, "The common people heard him gladly." And while it may be truthfully said of him, as has been said of another great man, that "he was absolutely without fear, as he was above self-seeking and corruption," it must nevertheless be admitted that Senator VANCE was sometimes timid when he found the wishes of any large number of his constituents to be in opposition to his own views. He was loath to oppose a great popular movement. He thought the popular judgment to be oftener right than wrong. He therefore deferred to the wishes of the people until he was convinced that they were wrong. He considered it the duty of every public man to endeavor "to keep in touch with the people." We have a great country, but who made it great but the people? Trained and reared in another school of politics, Senator

VANCE became by choice, study, and conviction, before he reached the middle of life, a Jeffersonian Democrat, and thenceforward he adhered to and upheld with ever-increasing sincerity and devotion what he believed to be the ancient creeds and true principles of the Democratic party.

He knew he was not, and he did not believe any man was, great enough to be above his party. He loved the applause of the public and he was sincerely grateful for the honors that the people showered upon him. If it be true—and who doubts it?—that—

> The heavenliest lot that earthly natures know
> Is to be affluent in gratitude—

he had indeed that blessing, for no man appreciated more or felt any more thankful for the favors of the people than himself. And that is one reason why his memory is so fragrant and his name so full of good cheer to the people of his State, who loved him so well. Their memory and meditation of him shall indeed be sweet!

Senator VANCE was truthful and sincere, open and candid to friend and foe alike. He knew full well that the people in trusting him did so because they had the utmost faith and confidence in his integrity and uprightness, and because they knew that the principles which guided him in his conduct through life would make him be to them a sincere and trustworthy counselor and friend. I can not find words better fitted to describe Senator VANCE'S character than in the following extract from the writings of Dean Stanley:

> Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend—who will stand firm when others fail—the friend, faithful and true; the adviser, honest and fearless; the adversary, just and chivalrous.

Senator VANCE was twice married. When a young man he was united in holy matrimony to Miss Harriet Newell

Espey, of North Carolina, a lady of many intellectual gifts, of intense religious faith and convictions, a lovely Christian character, devoutly given to all good works. They lived very happily together. Her influence over her husband was remarkable and permanent. They had four children, all sons, three of whom are still living. Her name is written in the book of life!

Senator VANCE had an abiding faith and a genuine belief in the truths of the Christian religion, but he was not the slave of education or prejudice. His views allowed for a wide latitude of theological opinion and individual liberty and tolerance. It is hard to admit the world inside a sacred precinct of the heart. The little tender traits of beauty, which we can not always expect the world to appreciate, are usually kept back and withheld. I had a conversation with him a number of years ago in regard to some controverted points of Christian faith and practice. He told me that he thought all Christians of whatever name were agreed upon the essential articles and creeds, and that too much stress was laid upon their theological differences, many of which were either unimportant, immaterial, or at least not vital. He impressed me at the time as one who had universal charity and tolerance toward those differing from him in religious opinions. He would have been perfectly consistent in saying of all faithful Christian people:

> They are brothers and comrades; they stand side by side.
> Their faith and their hope is the same.

It is reported that he once said to a dear friend of his: "You believe in the doctrine of falling from grace, but never fall; while I do not believe in that doctrine and am always falling."

One of the most popular and brilliant lectures he ever wrote was upon "The Scattered Nation"—God's ancient and chosen people. He delivered it many times; and I suppose that no other Christian man in America was ever as much loved and admired by the children of Israel as Senator VANCE. They gave him their heart, their confidence and friendship, and he had an ever-ready welcome to their homes. The name of VANCE is exceedingly precious to every Jew and is a household word in every Jewish circle in the United States.

Senator VANCE was not without his faults. He was subject to human infirmities and frailties, for there is no man, not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not, but this is no reason why his friends should not praise his goodness and virtues and seek to follow his good example.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"If he sows poppies, he will get gaudy flowers; but what will he do when the harvest comes and he is hungry for bread?"

Senator VANCE was married, in June, 1880, to Mrs. Florence Steele Martin, of Kentucky, a lady of rare personal attractions, elegant in manners, lively and brilliant in conversation, exceedingly graceful, attractive, and intelligent, with literary talents and tastes of a high order; a refined, devoutly religious, and highly cultured woman. She was to her husband not only a devoted, dutiful wife, but a faithful friend and companion. She was the solace and comfort of his declining years. One of the best women I ever knew—she is now at rest—once told me that to know Mrs. Vance intimately and to associate with her often in her own home was equal to a liberal education.

Comparisons are said to be odious, and I will not undertake to say that Senator VANCE was greater than any of his contemporaries. History will do him justice and will faithfully portray his character and life's work. His name will assuredly fill an enviable space on the historic page of his State and country. His character was unique and original. He was a man of genius, with extraordinary abilities and talents. In many respects he was without a peer. No man ever lived who was nearer and dearer to the hearts of the people of North Carolina. He was taken away at the very moment when his State and his country needed him most, and when he might have been expected to enter upon a greatly enlarged sphere of usefulness and honor. Mr. Gladstone had been elected to Parliament before Senator VANCE was born, and that great statesman is still living, in the full possession of all his powers and influence. What a reminder of the shortness, variableness, and uncertainty of human life! None of us can be made to realize this sufficiently. We are constantly reminded, and especially on these solemn occasions, that "man that is born of a woman hath a short time to live, and is full of misery," and that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Great men die, the land mourns, and for a short time death is a reality to us; but we go on in our course as if we expected an exception to be made in some way in our own favor. Friends die, and, in a certain sense, we realize the hollowness of all things earthly; but we unconsciously ask ourselves whether a time shall really come when we ourselves must join the innumerable hosts of those who live beyond the grave. Knowing our own littleness and weakness, the shortness of life and the certainty of death, it needs no argument and requires no effort for us to

conclude that the greatest man who ever lived on earth is in comparison with God as a "vain shadow," and that "every man living is altogether vanity." A great French preacher once expressed this feeling when preaching the funeral sermon over "the Grand Monarque of France." Looking around the church, which was draped in black for the solemn occasion, and then down on the corpse which was lying in state, Massillon commenced his sermon in these words: "God alone is great." Eternity, then, must be our final refuge and resting place.

> O great Eternity!
> Our little life is but a gust
> Which bends the branches of thy tree
> And trails its blossoms in the dust.

We must therefore learn to labor now, in this transitory life, before all our days are gone, bearing and forbearing, doing and suffering, for when a "few years are come," after life's short journey is over and we bring our years to an end, we "shall sleep a perpetual sleep, and not wake" again in this world.

> Death! the unknown sea of rest! Who knows what hidden harmonies lie there to wrap us in softness, in eternal peace; and in death, not sooner or otherwise, all the hot longings of the soul are to be satisfied and stilled.

God alone can satify the desires and aspirations of the human heart. True greatness, then, is the eternal reward given for a life of moral and spiritual excellence.

"O God," says Augustine, "Thou hast made the heart of man for Thyself, and it is restless until it rests in Thee."

Senator VANCE received countless tokens of good will in his life from all sorts and conditions of men. Nearly everyone who knew him spoke well of him, and his friends rejoiced to have it so. And that it should have been so

does honor to those who gave him honor. Neither he nor his friends knew, however, how deep-seated and universal was the love and admiration for him of the people of his native State until after death had laid its hand upon him. The news of his decease was received everywhere throughout the State of North Carolina with the most heartfelt expressions of sorrow and sympathy. The whole population, without distinction of party, race, or sect, vied with each other in their expressions of regret for his death and in showing respect for his memory. Women and children shed tears, and strong men wept. His loss is an irreparable one to his family, his party, and his State, and his name will ever be remembered with gratitude and honor by the people of his State, whom he served so well. ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE has departed hence in peace.

> All undaunted he died
> In the might of his pride.

May we not humbly hope and believe that he is now in that unseen world "where the spirits and souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity"?

The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in the last great day! And give unto him eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine upon him!

Address of Mr. Henderson of Iowa.

Mr. Speaker: As one who was in the Union Army, standing by the grave of one who was in the Confederate army, I approach a new experience, but not with any hesitation or feelings other than my best judgment and my whole heart can commend, and I bear witness to-day to the character of a departed statesman, and, though brief and limited my acquaintance, I can truthfully say, a respected and honored friend.

I find pleasure, as I study the life of the departed statesman, in calling attention to his wonderful power as his keen vision swept over the horizon when he stood in 1861 contemplating the future of his country. He was a strong and ardent lover of this Union, and here let me quote a distinguished witness. His own colleague, Senator Ransom, speaking of him in another place after his death, said:

> He had always been opposed to the secession of the Southern States, did everything possible to avert it, and was one of the very last Southern men to declare his love and devotion to the Union.

I will not content myself with this single witness, but will quote also, on the same theme, the venerable and exalted statesman, Senator Morrill. They served together on this floor, and Senator Morrill says:

> In an era when our whole country appeared to be rumbling with invisible earthquakes and hissing with the oratorical skyrockets of secession, he served for four years, or until 1861, and, so far as I remember, contributed nothing to our or to the national unpleasantness.

I will quote still another distinguished witness on this subject. The venerable Senator Sherman says:

> There can be no doubt that at the beginning of the civil war Governor VANCE was conspicuous at home, as well as here, as an ardent, outspoken Union man, but he also loved his State and his people among whom he had been born and bred, and when they were swept away by the torrent of opinion in the belief that it was their duty to secede from the Union, he went with them.

Looking over this record and speaking to-day by his freshly made grave, I would not occupy the mean position of being generous; I only ask for light and manliness to be just. This man came of Revolutionary blood. The inspiration that followed the flag of Washington never ceased to permeate his great and mighty heart, and in 1861 he stood like a bulwark against the waves that were beating against his country. Who will rise and criticise him when he yielded to the press of public opinion that was around him?

He can not be a just man who will not fairly interpret the mental conditions then existing throughout the South, and he would be an unwise and an unjust one who would condemn the impetuous youth who finally yielded to the wave of sentiment and enrolled himself under the flag of secession. But through that whole experience—for he was captain, colonel, and governor of his State during that period—he not only proved himself to be brave and able, but his big heart never ceased to throb for his fellow-man.

Qualified witnesses tell us that when Union prisoners were suffering in Salisbury this war governor of North Carolina appealed to the Southern Confederacy to send relief to those prisoners, and when that appeal was unheard he turned to the citizens of his own State and asked North Carolina to come to their aid. At the close

of the war, that wonderful war, Secretary Stanton sent orders to the general commanding North Carolina to arrest Governor VANCE and bring him to Washington, with all his papers. It was done. Copy books containing every letter he had written as governor during the war were spread before the great Stanton, one whose heart did not quiver when duty called him to be severe. The record was examined, and here is the testimony which I present upon the authority of Senator Blackburn:

> When he did read that record and saw what this man had done, how persistent his efforts had been to ameliorate the condition of the Federal prisoners and to assuage the horrors of war, that great Secretary said to him: "Upon your record you stand acquitted; you are at liberty to go where you please."

It is an honor to point with a few brief words this lesson to my fellow-countrymen. He had that greatness which can not be dimmed by any clouds or any revolutions.

He was a great orator. But, Mr. Speaker, his greatest oratorical power spoke through his gentle and noble life. In his pathway as a public man and as a citizen he delivered orations which, in House or Senate, his lips never equaled. As an orator he had the wonderful gift of making everything that he spoke of so plain and simple that all around him understood every thought. He did not send his thoughts above the masses who listened to him. He had the genius of Lincoln in that regard, of simplifying. And so it was in his life and conduct with his fellowmen. He was so approachable that he was constantly in close contact with the masses and drew the inspirations which alone can come from what Mr. Lincoln called "the common people." No man feared to approach Senator VANCE with his troubles or his joys or his ambitions, and he listened to them all so attentively and kindly that he

arrived at the full status of the man's mind and affairs, and was thus equipped to serve him.

Promotion never warped his genius or destroyed his power. Ah! how often do we see a man in private life free and easy with his fellow-man, stopping to speak with the man carrying the dinner pail or with the humblest citizen, laughing and talking and shaking hands as one of the people, and then, when subsequently promoted to power, he buttons up his coat, wears a "heaven-erected face," as Burns would put it, and fancies that God has dropped a peculiar ointment upon him to lift him and make him better than his fellow-men.

These men fail in their usefulness in public life. They do not hear the heart beat or the sigh of sorrow. This distinguished man never made that mistake. In his every-day walks of life he was as simple as a Senator as he was as a private citizen or a member of his State legislature.

He was a wit. He carried that sharp and dangerous blade; but he seldom unsheathed it, indulging rather in the warm glow of humor which turns even enemies into friends.

I met him first, to take his hand, when we were attending a meeting of the Sons of the Revolution in this city. And when he sat down, after describing and eloquently touching on some of the scenes of the past, he sat down with me as his brother and his friend. The thought flashed through my mind, if this was a Confederate soldier the Confederacy is truly gone, and we are sure of a permanent, loved, and indissoluble Union.

He was brave, honest, kind, true; and above all he was faithful to his friends. He did not accept the hard toil

and devotion of friends, and then, when elevated to power, seek to dicker with his enemies at the expense of his friends. He was true to friendship, and at the same time true to his highest duty as a public man.

Weighted not with years, but with many honors, cares, and duties well done, he has passed away. No noble heart rejoices over this grave, but sorrow springs up in every generous soul because this great and good man has passed from our midst.

Address of Mr. Hooker of Mississippi.

Mr. Speaker: It was my privilege, and my honor too, to call Senator Vance my friend and to know him with a great deal of intimacy, springing up during our Congressional services. And while I have not written an address for this occasion, I was gratified when one of the members of the North Carolina delegation came to me and said they desired that I should say something on this occasion.

It has become a thing almost to be regretted that eulogies upon members of the Congress of the United States, whether they belong to the Senate or the House, are not delivered immediately after the demise of the member; but as they are designed rather for posterity than for ourselves, and to put upon record a lasting impression of the opinions of those who have served with the deceased, and to commit to the printing press the power of perpetuating that record forever, it is probably not altogether improper that some time and some reflection should be given to what is to be said. So, as I am prompted rather by my heart than my head to speak on this occasion in memory of the friend whom I so honored while he lived, and whom the country so honored while he lived, I must apologize for the want of that thorough presentation of Senator Vance's historical record which will come more appropriately from the members from his own loved State of North Carolina.

Senator VANCE was born in Buncombe County, N. C., on the 13th of May, 1830. He was born in a region of country marked for its geographical beauty, its magnificence, and its sublimity. It borders upon my own native State of South Carolina; and of all the mountain scenery of our country, whether in the Blue Ridge, or the Alleghanies, or the Rockies, or the Sierra Nevada looking out upon the Pacific, there is no sublimer scenery in our land than that in the midst of which ZEBULON B. VANCE was born. I have always held to the idea that men partake somewhat of the region of country in which their eyes first look upon the light; and those of us who have seen that beautiful country and stood in its valleys with carpets made by the hand of the Master, and have looked up into those lofty mountains, sometimes glassed in sunshine, sometimes covered with shadow, and sometimes the home of the storm god, will cease to wonder that a land so favored by nature should have produced heroes among her men and heroines among her women.

It is of all favored portions of our country probably the grandest and most beautiful. And it was here, amidst that rural population, that VANCE was reared and took his first impressions. He grew up amongst a simple-hearted Scotch and Irish ancestry, who, coming to this country, found the quiet nooks of the mountains analogous to their own native soil, and therefore made in that region their settlement. He grew up with that wonderful veneration for the Divinity which belongs to those Scotch-Irish people. Simple in their habits, unostentatious in their manners, they grew up amidst those mountains, cherishing the virtues of the country from which they came and lending

a hand promptly in the Revolutionary war to give permanency to the liberties of their people. When that war closed a material development as remarkable as that of the countries from which they came marked the regions of North Carolina in which his Revolutionary ancestry lived.

Senator VANCE was early distinguished in the history of his own State, being elected twice to its legislature and twice to this House before the war, and after the war he was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1870. He came here at that time; but, unfortunately for him, what were called his "civil disabilities" had not been removed by an act of Congress of the United States, and he was therefore denied admission to his seat as a Senator. He returned to the State of North Carolina, and, thinking it probable that he might not be admitted to his seat, he resigned his commission as a United States Senator in 1872, and went back to live among the people whom he loved so well and who were so delighted to honor him. But it was not the fate of such a man, with such a mind and heart, to be left to follow the quiet walks of private life.

He was soon again elected to the Senate of the United States, his civil disabilities having been in the meantime removed, and was admitted to the Senate. When he took his position in that body as a Senator there were giants there—men of great minds, of long and large experience. Yet this gifted son of North Carolina took his place from the first in the front rank of the debaters of that great debating body of the world. His distinguished abilities being promptly recognized, he was assigned to important committees; and he performed his Senatorial

functions in such a way as to challenge the admiration of his associates on all sides of that Chamber.

It was gratifying to me, in looking over the record of his obsequies in that body, to find that it was not alone from his own people that he received words of commendation. His gifted colleague, that man of splendid talent and magnificent oratory, that chevalier of the South, whether on the field of battle or in the halls of Congress—his gifted colleague, Senator Ransom, said one thing of him which almost summarized the history of his life. In delivering the eulogy upon his gifted colleague Senator Ransom said:

> He was bold, brave, open, candid, and without reserve. He desired all the world to know his opinions and positions, and never hesitated to avow them.

Alongside of him sat that able and venerable Senator from Vermont, Justin S. Morrill, the oldest surviving Senator of the United States when I first came to Congress and the oldest living Senator now. His tribute was magnificent. Side by side with him there sat that splendid statesman of intellect and thorough knowledge of political questions, of astute powers of investigation, who himself had made a great name for himself, John Sherman, the senior Senator from Ohio, who delivered a eulogy on that occasion of which any man or any State might well be proud. I mention these, Mr. Speaker, because of the differences of political opinion existing between them and the deceased Senator.

Senator VANCE was again elected to the Senate of the United States, as I have said, and died while occupying the honored position to which his people delighted to assign him. It has been remarked by my distinguished friend

from Iowa [Mr. Henderson], who has just addressed the House in commemoration of Senator VANCE, that he was a Union man at the outbreak of the war and was opposed to the secession of the States. That, Mr. Speaker, is true. He took his position in the early discussions of this question side by side with such men as William L. Sharkey, of my own State, who opposed secession because he believed that the differences between the States could be better settled by arbitration, by prudence, by judgment, and by forbearance rather than by resorting to the last great final arbiter among men, the sword. And he defended that position with an earnestness and zeal and truthfulness—for he always avowed what he thought fearlessly—that the remedies of the Southern States and the Southern people were within the Union and under the Constitution. But when his State of North Carolina seceded from the Union, believing his duty was to go with her, with that patriotism and devotion to his people which always characterized him, he at once raised a company of troops, was elected as captain, and within a short time afterwards was chosen colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina troops. On every field of battle where he was present he earned for himself the reputation not only of a sagacious, intelligent, and brave soldier, but the character of one who knew how to care for the troops under his command.

But he was a man of too large ability in civil life to be permitted to spend his time during the war in battle, and it was during the war that he was elected governor of his own State of North Carolina, and elected a second time while the war was still progressing; and it was in this capacity that his great executive ability and wonderful

devotion to the troops that entered the service of the Confederacy were manifested. When he had called again and again upon the Confederate Government for arms and supplies, food and clothing, to supply the troops that he had called out in the field from his own State and by his own proclamations, and found he could not rely upon them to furnish those things so necessary for their comfort, he equipped a small fleet of vessels, sent them down the river, out into the ocean and to the river Clyde, and there procured a suitable outfit for the Confederate troops from the State of North Carolina.

That flotilla of small vessels came back, and, successfully running the blockade of the Federal ships, not only provided for the wants of the North Carolina troops, but many of the other troops in the service of the Confederacy, thus showing that he felt it to be his duty, after he called the men into active service, to see that they were not only properly armed and equipped, but properly fed and clothed as well.

It was in this capacity, Mr. Speaker, that he won for himself the title which has been yielded to no other man in the history of the Confederacy, that he was the "war governor" of the State of North Carolina, and not only the war governor of that State, but the great war governor of the South. He served in this capacity three times, and was thence transferred to the Senate of the United States, as I have already said. When any question came up for discussion in that body, and usually no question referring to the subject of taxation and the tariff laws was presented that he did not speak upon, he evinced a clearness of thought, a soundness of judgment, and a thoroughness

of investigation that challenged admiration on all sides of the Chamber.

His character was distinguished from the very start in his public life, and it is a remarkable fact that there was no error at any time committed by him that the historian can point to in his career as a governor, as a Senator, as a soldier, or as a citizen. As a governor he was without a peer; as a citizen no one stood higher than he, and as a soldier he won great fame and honor on the battlefield. But it was in the walks of private life that the character of the man shone most brightly. First he was wedded to a lady of his own State, and his children survive him to receive the rich heritage of the high reputation of character and honor won for himself in every avocation of life.

After the death of his first wife, in later life he married a lady with whom the citizens of Washington and people who come here from every portion of the country are not unfamiliar. She was the solace of his life from the time of his marriage until he passed away. She has been the ornament of the society in which he dwelt and moved during his lifetime. She, too, survives him. But in all the acts he has done, whether in the field or as the executive of the State of North Carolina or as the well-equipped Senator from one of the sovereign States of the Union, coming as its ambassador to the halls of Congress to speak its sentiments, whatever position he filled, he has won fame, honor, and the good will of all men who held rank with him. Justly may his State and family be proud of the heritage they have received from his hands. In no position did he fail to discharge his duty to his country, to his fellow-citizens, and to the God whom he revered.

It is said that one of the most remarkable discourses he ever delivered was in a lecture where he paid a wonderful tribute to that great nation of Israelites, who in modern times it has been the custom to speak of in such terms of disparagement. Speaking of the scattered nations, he depicts that great nation that had Isaiah for its poet and the Maccabees for generals. He might well have said of it that there were no people more remarkable than that wonderful nation.

He delivered many other lectures, and at last, in the Senate of the United States, he consecrated his services to his country by leaving in every speech that he made specimens of oratory, of humor, of wit. He seldom indulged in sarcasm, because he had too much heart for it, but he has left prominently upon the records of the Senate specimens of oratory, of humor, of wit that will make him rank with the greatest men of the olden times. He will take his position in line with the great men from his own State—and they have been great—from the earliest days. He will take his position side by side with that venerable trio that passed away long ago, of whom we are in the habit of speaking when the Senate is named, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. He will take his position as one of the great orators and statesmen of the land in which he lived.

From his earliest service to his country, when he was first put into public position as governor, from the time he was first attorney of one of the districts of the State of North Carolina, down to the time when he finally closed his eyes, every act of his life, every thought of his mind, every conception of his heart, was for his country and his whole country. He might well be pardoned if, in the

closing hours of his life, looking back to the memorable events in which he had been so prominent an actor, he had imitated the modesty of the great poet of the olden days who, when he contemplated the wonderful epic of his own production, exclaimed in its closing lines, as VANCE could have exclaimed in his closing hours:

> Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
> Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

Address of Mr. Daniels.

Mr. Speaker: I take part with the gentlemen who have been assigned to express their tribute of regard for the life and memory of this distinguished man from the circumstance that I was one of those who were selected on the part of the House to carry his remains to their last and final resting place. During early life, however, my attention had been called to the character and career of Mr. Vance. He soon rose upon the political and national horizon so high as to attract the attention and respect of the country. A public career was before him which was improved by his abilities and his fidelity to his country's interests that continued him in public life and the service of his State. He soon became known to the Union and to all the localities in which patriotism and ability were held in respect and esteem; and he was known to be a man who in all the walks of public life certainly fulfilled the expectations of his State and of his country.

But one period arose which subjected him in any respect to criticism, and that has been referred to upon this occasion by other gentlemen addressing the House. That was the part which he took in the conflict that was brought on between the people of the different sections of the country in their struggle, as it finally turned out, either for the maintenance or the overthrow of the system of human slavery. It was considered, in a large section of the country, to be entirely incompatible with the free system of our

Government, while on the other hand it was regarded and maintained as a peculiar institution of the other section. But it had become oppressive there, as well as the subject of condemnation from other portions of the land, and it was one of those developments which it has been the fate of humanity to settle only by the arbitrament of arms. The knot was to be cut by the sword, and by no other means whatever. Negotiations and compromise had come to an end, and therefore this conflict was brought about by the apparent force of circumstances.

The system was placed in the balances, and the deceased Senator took the side of his own section, and manfully and fearlessly maintained what he believed to be right. But in this conflict this institution was extinguished and has disappeared from the face of the country, and from identity with its prominent institutions, and at this time we have reached certainly a point where the mantle of oblivion should be spread over the act and the lives and the conduct of those persons who, under the impulse of their own localities, took part in this serious and deadly conflict. The result has been an advantage to the country, to the section even in which this institution had existed and become oppressive, and now all the States and all the population of the States are in a condition to march forward in the progress of industrial success, of intellectual accomplishment, and of the highest patriotism that may be known to free and independent citizens.

This man, under all circumstances where he was employed on behalf of the public, whether in one capacity or another, fulfilled entirely the expectations that were entertained of him, and as such certainly was not only entitled

to but has generally received the commendation and approval of the people of the United States, whether in his own locality or in others where his renown had extended and his character was esteemed and respected.

But it is not in reference to his public character that I desire so much to call the attention of the House upon this occasion as it is to the private character of the man. Although I had not a personal acquaintance with the deceased Senator, yet from the circumstances that occurred during the transit of his remains from here to the place of his burial evidences were presented from the population of the State of which he was a resident that indicated the high esteem in which his private character and his private virtues were held by the communities through which his remains were taken.

I may say here, Mr. Speaker, that while the public men of our country and other countries may be commended, may be approved and extolled by general expressions of sentiment as to their public career and the discharge of their public duties, there is no greater evidence of the worth and character of the individual than that which is secured from the expressions of respect and regard by the masses of the people. When this man's remains were taken to the capital of his State and laid there in the Statehouse for the observation of the people of that city, they not only assembled and passed in silent respect the bier whereon these remains laid, but, in addition to that, the poor and lowly, the masses especially, were largely among the throng that passed by the remains upon this occasion; and from the silent evidences of sorrow, respect, and regret that those persons gave it was apparent that the

hold of this distinguished man on the mind and affections of the common people had reached throughout the community.

They were the persons who passed silently by, indicating the great sorrow and the great attachment that had grown up in their hearts from the life and experience that they had had of this man and of his qualities and his conduct as a prominent man and member of their State. It was a tribute that could not be given to any public person otherwise than from a deep sense that had impressed itself upon the minds of these people of his virtues, of his forbearance, of his assistance to the lowly and laboring classes of the community. It was not only among the masses of the white people that these tributes of respect and these tributes of feeling were given to him, but among the black people as well. All seemed to cherish and revere him as their friend, as a person upon whom they had depended, and from whom they had received assistance.

It was a gratifying circumstance to see these evidences of feeling and of sympathy upon the part of these people, the "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln designated them, flowing out upon this occasion for the memory of a man who had been so long in their service and the service of their State.

When the remains were taken from this place toward the city where they were to be consigned to the tomb, they remained upon the railway cars at Durham for the period of an hour, and during the time the train remained there this class of people again thronged the cars and passed through for the purpose of paying tribute to the man for whom they entertained this great degree of respect; and

the crowd was so large that it seemed as though all the working classes of that city had gathered together to render the deceased this tribute of their sincerity and of their great respect.

When, in the progress of the journey, the train passed through Greensboro, the same manifestations of feeling and respect from the masses of the people were again renewed, and while the train remained there those people, although the time was evening, thronged about the platform and passed through the car for the purpose of taking a last look at the man whom they had learned to admire, to respect, and to love.

We passed from there to the city where his residence had been; and there he was laid before the people in the same condition of state. There he received the attention, the commendation, the respect, and the love of the individuals composing those classes of the community, as he had at the other places through which the remains had been taken. When the time arrived to take him to the beautiful cemetery adjacent to the city of Asheville, where his remains were to be laid in quietude, he was followed by this class of people, as well as by the intelligent, the business, and the wealthy classes of that city, to the cemetery upon the hillside where he was laid in the tomb.

These evidences of respect, these evidences of attention, these tributes and marks of affection on the part of these people, show what the character of this man had been during his life. They show what he had earned in the way of commendation from the people of his own locality, as well as generally from the people of the United States. He was taken to this spot and there buried, with these

people surrounding him, giving him the last evidences of respect and affection that they were capable of giving him, and there he was left to sleep in the slope of this beautiful cemetery, almost at the foot of which was the river that flowed from the mountains down to the sea. He has passed, as this river passes, to the ocean of eternity, and there his remains were left in the hope, of course, on the part of all, in the promise of a final and blissful resurrection.

But these attributes which were exhibited in the manifestations of the people could not but impress every person with the conviction that he was a man who, in his life, in his conduct, in his relations to others, had secured the approval not only of the wealthy, the intelligent, the prosperous members of the community, but also that he was upon a line of entire affinity with the working people, the poor people of the locality in which he lived and of his great State; and that they entertained for him a deep measure of respect and affection was indicated by the expressions of sorrow that attended his demise. It was an honor to his memory, an honor to the man, an honor to the State, a manifestation that could not have originated from any other source than the grandeur, the sincerity, and the kindliness of his character, and these evidences will, no doubt, long live to characterize, to preserve, and to secure his memory in the minds and hearts of all classes of the people of his State as well as of the country at large.

Address of Mr. Wheeler of Alabama.

Mr. Speaker: Senator Vance, probably more than any other man of this generation, possessed qualities which peculiarly fitted him for a public servant in a Republic like ours. He combined great ability, profound learning, intuitive knowledge of human nature, and the faculty of presenting his views with great power and clearness. In any attitude or position in life Senator Vance would have been a leader and would have achieved great distinction. His character seems to have abounded in those qualities which people of all classes and conditions love and admire.

He was honest and sincere in every phase and interpretation of those words. He was generous in all his dealings. To the weak he was tender and magnanimous. His whole life was an exemplification of love and devotion to the people whom he served. To this was largely due the bounteous outpouring of love from his people to their idolized leader.

At the age of twenty-four Senator Vance became distinguished as a member of the legislature of North Carolina; at twenty-six he was prominent as an eloquent and able Representative in the Congress of the United States. At thirty-one he had organized one of the finest regiments in the Confederate army, had become greatly distinguished as its leader, and had received the highest commendation for his coolness, courage, and soldierly conduct in battle. A year later, when but thirty-two years of age, he was

elected governor of North Carolina, and in 1864 was re-elected to that exalted position. His administration of affairs as chief executive of his State earned for him the approval, support, and confidence of the people. He perfected arrangements by which the resources of the State were availed of to clothe, feed, and care for the soldiers in the field, and at the same time to give protection to their families and their homes.

I first met Senator VANCE in April, 1865. It was inevitable that the next day the Federal army under General Sherman would occupy the State capital. It is a historical fact that, appalled as they were by the strength of the Federal army and the inability of the Confederates to resist the overpowering forces under General Sherman, many prominent men advised that North Carolina should make the best possible terms with the Federal Government.

Senator VANCE was too great a man to be led from his plain line of duty into negotiations of such a character, and he determined that the honor and best interests of North Carolina and her brave soldiers, who had won imperishable renown, demanded that she should share the fate of her sister Southern States. Preferring, in case he fell into the hands of the Federals, to be in the attitude of a military rather than a political prisoner, and desiring to remain as close to his capital as possible, and to obtain the earliest information as to the condition of the Confederates as well as the movements of the Federal army, Governor VANCE was appointed an aid-de-camp upon my staff, with the rank of colonel, and for some days I had the honor and pleasure of an intimate association with this distinguished war governor. I was forcibly impressed with his wisdom

and foresight. Surrounded as we were by what seemed to most people inextricable uncertainties, Governor VANCE appeared to fully comprehend our future.

His distinguished career since the war is fully known to our country. Few Southern Senators have been so fortunate in exercising influences for the benefit of the States they represent as Senator VANCE.

I shall leave it to those of his own State to speak more in detail of the career of this eminent man. The exalted position which he held for more than the third of a century places him high in rank as a man of national usefulness and prominence.

He enjoyed the respect of the entire country. The brave soldiers he so gallantly led love and admire him for his courage in battle, the hearts of the people of his State go out with feelings of love and gratitude for the fidelity with which he executed the trusts confided to him, and the people of the South will always honor and revere his memory.

By the side of the ever-running streams and the eternal hills of the historic State of North Carolina, the State which gave him birth and lavished honors upon him, the mortal remains of Senator VANCE have been laid to rest.

ADDRESS OF MR. BLAND.

Mr. SPEAKER: I wish in a few words to add my testimony to the great merits of our departed statesman, Senator VANCE.

He was a member of the Senate; I a member of the House. Yet we were frequently thrown together, both socially and officially. I was, probably, brought closer to him because like myself he believed that the restoration of the free coinage of silver was necessary to the financial welfare of the country. Bimetallism had no abler advocate in either House of Congress than Senator VANCE.

In the coming battles for this cause we will miss his wise counsels and deplore the loss of his eloquent pleas for the success of this great issue.

Whenever I learned that Senator VANCE had the floor in the Senate on the silver question I always took pleasure in going over to hear him.

His eloquent words in opposition to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law rang out in warning, and his prophecies that the promised prosperity consequent on the repeal would never come, but on the contrary that the country would suffer on account of such legislation, have proven to be true.

Senator VANCE was one of the most striking personages in public life. There was a magnetic charm about his smiling face. His evident good nature, coupled with his strength of character, at once photographed itself upon the memory.

I can see him now as he appeared in all the strength and power of a great man, for he was truly great.

In debate he was strong and forceful. Always in earnest, intensely sincere, yet withal he had a pleasing manner, so that while vanquishing his opponents he awoke no spirit of revenge.

Mr. Speaker, if Death sought from among us a man who in all his nature was a sympathizer and friend of struggling humanity, if the fell Destroyer was determined to strike down one of the most conspicuous champions and ablest defenders of the interest of the plain people, then, indeed, was the doom of Senator VANCE inevitable. But Death spares no man, however great and useful he may be. Truly life is but a span. When we live out our allotted "three-score and ten," we look back to the days of childhood, youth, and mature age, we compress all these years of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, in a moment of intense thought. Yea, the mind goes back through the dim vista of ages past. We see the peoples who for thousands of years have come and gone. We confuse and confound until all mankind since the world began appear as our contemporaries. Dying, we join them as youthful companions in eternity.

Death is the great commoner. He lays the heads of the great and powerful as low as the humblest. But death can not rob the great Senator of his just renown. His memory will live. His life and character will be pointed to as an example of what honesty and energy may accomplish.

His name and fame are secure.

As we love and revere his memory, so also we trust his spirit is at peace with his God.

Address of Mr. McMillin.

Mr. Speaker: One of the strongest and best beloved sons of the Southland and patriots of the whole land is gone. We come to-day to place in the records of this House our humble tribute to his many virtues.

Senator Vance was born in 1830, in North Carolina, and finished his education, so far as his schooling was concerned, about the time he reached manhood. But his period of study did not end there, for to the day of his death he was not only a thoughtful man, but he had devoted much time to studying the writings and sayings of others.

One of the British essayists has defined genius to be the possession in combination of "a quick perception, a strong understanding, and a high sense of the ludicrous." All of these our deceased friend possessed in a very high degree. In truth, he was a very rare and remarkable combination. He possessed native brilliancy without it diminishing his disposition to study; he had the finest wit and humor without impairing his reputation for serious thought and stern action. These were used only as aids in impressing solemn truths and serious matters. His speeches, both written and extemporary, abound in humorous thought, witty expression, and in anecdote; but I defy the most careful critic of his public utterances to point to any of these that were ever used except to illustrate a weighty matter.

From his first entrance into public life to the close of his long and eventful career the most signal success marked the course of this wonderful man. For over a third of a century he participated in the great conflicts of our intense American life. Step by step, and with remarkable rapidity, he rose from station to station till he had served his State as its attorney, in its legislature, in its army, and the House of Representatives here, as its governor, and as its four-times-elected United States Senator. He saw the slavery question rise and culminate. He saw the Union divided and our whole people rush to the tented field, and was a participant in the mightiest civil war of all the ages. So prominent was he as Congressman, as an officer in the Army of Virginia, as war governor, as Senator, then as governor in the trying period that succeeded our war, that it would be no exaggeration to say that he was one of those upon whom all eyes were fixed. Yet it can be truly said that never for an hour, never for a moment, either North or South, was his courage, his honesty, his patriotism, or his self-sacrificing devotion to principle questioned.

Nor were his admirable qualities confined to the field of public duty. He was as lovable in his home life as he was admirable in public station. I know now and knew before he wed her the noble woman who stood by his deathbed at the last sad hour. And I know that whilst his country suffered much by his departure, his sweet and hospitable home can never again be lighted as his genial smile illumined it.

Mr. Speaker, Senator VANCE not only had the virtues I have enumerated, but he loved the God who had given

him being with his "whole soul, mind, and strength," and he yielded himself up to His service. He was able to pass through the valley of the shadow of death with the same freedom from fear that had marked his journey through life. The blaze of Christianity illumined his way, and no fear caused him to falter when he came to "tread the wine press alone."

Sir, honored by his great State as few men ever are, loved by all who knew him, respected and admired by the people of all the States, he has been taken from the country he loved so much and served so well. From the shores of the Atlantic to the summit of North Carolina's beautiful mountains there is not a patriotic son or daughter of the glorious North State whose heart is not bowed down with grief on account of our country's loss. His whole people, whether residing on mountain or in valley, in mansion, in cottage, or in cabin, feel that they have lost a great champion, and the country a great defender.

May the God whom he loved and served bless the family left to mourn him, and inspire those of us who survive him with that love of country and devotion to duty and principle which are shining characteristics of his glorious life.

Address of Mr. Springer.

Mr. Speaker: I will not speak of all the positions of honor held by the distinguished Senator whose memory we are commemorating on this occasion, or of all his great virtues. Others better acquainted with his long and honorable career than I am have already given the details of his life work, and have recounted the many acts of his illustrious and eventful history. He served as a member of this House in two Congresses before the war, was three times governor of his State, and was four times elected a Senator in Congress, but was not seated under his first election. He died in the middle of his third term of Senatorial service. He held many offices of honor and trust in his State, and served for a short time in the Confederate army. In all the positions held by him he acquitted himself with marked distinction.

He was a man of commanding presence. In any assembly or company of people he would have been "the observed of all observers" on account of his fine physique, his dignified bearing, and his intellectual features. I did not know him in his youth, but in his maturer years he was in appearance an ideal governor, a model Senator.

He was of a most cheerful disposition. One could not come into his presence without feeling a sense of cheerfulness at once. It was impossible to be with him without forgetting all cares and vexations of life. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of information on all public questions, and never was at a loss to emphasize his narrations of personal and historical reminiscences with amusing anecdotes.

He possessed in a high degree a sense of humor, and enjoyed telling and listening to others tell amusing incidents in everyday life. Few persons whom I have known could tell a story in a better vein of humor or in a manner more impressive than he could. In this respect he was very much like Abraham Lincoln. They both made their popular addresses exceedingly attractive to their hearers by an occasional humorous illustration, which never failed to call forth demonstrations of applause and to rivet the attention of the audience upon the more solid and instructive portions of their discourses.

Senator VANCE enjoyed in a most remarkable degree the affections of the people of his State, and in fact of the whole country. He was a gentleman of the old school, honorable and just in all the relations of life. His integrity was far above all suspicion, and he maintained at all times a steadfast adherence to his convictions, and upheld the right regardless of consequences. He was a statesman in the broadest sense, a devoted friend of the common people, and a fearless advocate of the equal rights of all before the law. He so lived during this mortal life that he approached the life to come with calm resignation, and even cheerfulness, in anticipation of a brighter and better existence beyond the tomb. And why not?

> There is no death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian.

Our departed friend so regarded it and did not fear the change. His death is an irreparable loss to his family, to his State, and to his country. But their loss was his gain. He sleeps the sleep of the just and will receive the reward of the faithful servant.

ADDRESS OF MR. SWANSON.

Mr. SPEAKER: I do not rise to deliver a studied or elaborate eulogy upon the distinguished Senator. That has been so well and eloquently done that I can add nothing to what has been said. I only rise to place upon his grave in behalf of myself and people a modest chaplet of love and esteem.

The people of no section heard with more profound regret and sorrow the death of the late distinguished Senator from North Carolina than those whom I have the honor to represent upon this floor. No people loved him more than we loved him; none admired him more than we admired him; none have experienced more than we his kind offices and generous aid. When to subserve partisan purposes the Senate of the United States, by a pretended investigation, inaugurated by a recreant Senator from Virginia, sought to blacken the fair name and asperse the character of the good people of Danville and my district, we found in Senator VANCE our brave champion and our valiant defender. That gratitude which is the richest and rarest flower that sheds its perfume on the human heart will ever insure him our highest regard; encircle his name with garlands of deepest love and devotion. We feel toward him that deep personal affection and pride which animate the people of his own State. I wish I had the power this afternoon of voicing the tender love and admiration that my people entertain for this man. I wish my

power of speech was commensurate with and could do full justice to his splendid qualities of mind and heart.

Senator VANCE was a man whom to know was both to love and to admire. Affable, joyous, warm-hearted, kind, and generous, he was "the very schoolboy of the heart." He possessed a genial flow of spirits, a witchery of wit and humor that was irresistible. His presence was sunshine. VANCE always impressed me like the great State he represented. North Carolina is largely composed of rich, broad, fertile fields and plains, and is decorated here and there with a wild picturesqueness and beauty of scenery unsurpassed. So with her great son; he was endowed with a strong, broad, masculine mind and heart, sparkling with all the fascinations of wit and humor and glittering with all the coruscations of eloquence, pathos, and genius.

Mr. Speaker, the greatest of all English novelists, in his masterpiece, Vanity Fair, has truly said that the world is a looking-glass and casts back to each man the reflection of his own face. If he smiles upon the world it smiles upon him. If he frowns upon it, it frowns upon him. If he hates it, it hates him. If he loves it, it loves him. How profoundly is this truth illustrated in the magnificent career of the late distinguished Senator. He smiled upon the world with a tender smile, and it received him with open, loving arms. He loved humanity and the world, and he died the idol of his people. He trusted the people, and with implicit confidence his people, in their hours of trial and gloom, placed with loving faith their hands in his and followed his leadership and guidance to sunshine and prosperity.

His people showered upon him every trust, every honor which it was in their power to bestow. What a splendid career does his life present. Prosecuting attorney of his county at the age of twenty-two; member of the legislature at twenty-four; Representative in the United States Congress at twenty-eight; a brave, distinguished soldier at thirty-one; elected governor of his State at thirty-two, to guide her through the storms and tempests of war; re-elected at thirty-four with the reputation of being the most distinguished and efficient of all the noted war governors. In 1870 elected to the United States Senate, but being refused admission, he returned to his State and successfully engaged in the practice of law until 1876, when, by the universal call of his party, he again offered for governor, and in the memorable campaign of that year redeemed his State from the corrupt and miserable government which reconstruction had placed upon her. In 1878 he was elected to the United States Senate, and from that time to his death he served as one of the most beloved, talented, and distinguished members of that body.

Few public men, few statesmen have experienced a life so crowded with great and grave responsibilities, so resplendent with success and honors. His public career, extending from prosecuting attorney to United States Senator, each year exhibited a broadening in reputation, in power and usefulness.

Mr. Speaker, Carlyle, in his splendid essay on Voltaire, has truly said that the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, whose ultimate course and destination, as it winds through the expanse of infinite years, only the

Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with the neighboring rivulets as a tributary or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters among millions of other brooks and rills increase the current of some world-famed river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine, a Danube, an Amazon, whose goings forth are to the uttermost land, its floods an everlasting boundary line on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents.

As to which a man's life shall be—whether a tiny stream or a magnificent river—depends largely upon one's talents, but more than all, his own efforts and ambition. VANCE, possessed of high qualities of mind and splendid talents, aspiring and ambitious, chose to make and did make the stream of his life, as it ran with its pure waters to the great eternal ocean, a large and majestic river, known far and wide, fertilizing broad fields, enriching States, and carrying on its bosom rich treasures for his country and mankind.

Address of Mr. Caruth.

Mr. Speaker: Scarcely had the echo of the last gun of our fratricidal war died out in the land, hardly had the smoke risen from the last battle plain; blood-smeared Bellona had but just fled and white-winged Peace returned from her banishment to reign in her stead, when it entered the patriotic minds of some of the residents of the city of my home to bring together on Kentucky soil representative men of the North and of the South, who had so recently doffed the blue or the gray, to mingle together, to "shake hands across the bloody chasm," and to renew their vows of allegiance to the Union of the States under the victorious Stars and Stripes.

It was appropriate that such a gathering should be held on Kentucky soil, for that State stood on the border land, tried to avert the threatened conflict, spoke words of conciliation and of peace. Her efforts were useless, her voice was unheeded, and from her blue-grass fields and her mountain fastnesses her brave sons rushed to the aid of the cause they had loved. Eighty thousand of her people enlisted on either side in that deadly conflict. Principle divided her people, dissension entered every household and separated father and son and brother and brother. She loved the Union as she loved the South. What better mediator for peace than she? What hand could more appropriately reach forth to bring together in peaceful unity the men of the North and the South than the hand of Kentucky?

Animated by a desire to accomplish this great work, the patriotic people of Louisville brought to their hospitable

homes representative men of the North, men of importance and influence in the South. In this notable gathering who could more appropriately mingle than Hon. ZEBULON B. VANCE, of North Carolina? A lover of his country, his influence had been exerted, his eloquent voice had been raised against the dismemberment of the Union, and it was only after his efforts failed that he, with the greatest reluctance and the deepest sorrow, followed his beloved North Carolina into the Southern Confederacy. It is needless to say that on the occasion referred to no voice pleaded with more potent eloquence for the restoration of the Union on the principles of the Constitution than that of Governor VANCE. Although I knew this dignified man by reputation, it was not until this occasion that I had the pleasure of personally meeting him, and from that time I admired and respected him. I was destined, however, to know him better, not only from the official intercourse which a member of the House necessarily has with a member of the Senate, but because also it was to Kentucky and to the county of my home that Governor VANCE afterwards came to select his life companion. It was a fortunate selection for him, for she was one of the fairest, brightest, most gifted daughters of Kentucky. She became indeed his helpmate—a wife devoted to her husband.

> Ever on the watch to borrow
> Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.

From the fact of this union, Kentucky has claimed a deep interest in this distinguished man, and watched his career with affectionate pride. In the hour of mourning, sorrowing over the affliction which has come to the heart and home of her gifted daughter, Kentucky claims the

right to mingle her tears with those of bereaved North Carolina.

What could I say of ZEBULON B. VANCE that all America does not know? Shall I speak of his patriotism? His devotion to his country and his State is part of the history of the trying period of the civil war. Reluctantly he left this House to enter the army of his native State, and became a colonel in the Confederate service. He laid down the sword to assume executive control of the affairs of his State. He was North Carolina's war governor, sustained throughout this fierce conflict the supremacy of the civil over the military law, and when the end came his voice was raised in behalf of peace and a restored Union. All this the world knows.

Shall I speak of him as a statesman? Do not all the people of the United States know the story of his work in the halls of legislation in behalf of his State and his country? Twice a Representative in this House, thrice governor of his native State, four times chosen Senator! Whose civic career is more distinguished than this?

Shall I speak of him as an orator? What words of mine could do justice to his fame? He was, indeed, gifted with eloquence. On the hustings his voice rang out with persuasive power and molded "the thoughts of many into one," and in the legislative halls "listening senates hung upon his tongue." In modern times there has appeared in the Republic no more thoroughly equipped or better prepared debater and orator than ZEBULON B. VANCE.

Shall I speak of him as a man? Those who knew him best have borne the strongest testimony to his worth. Born in the Old North State, with his ashes buried in her soil, North Carolina says to the world: "He was my

beloved son; I twice sent him to the National House of Representatives. I then made him my governor, and four times I elected him a Senator in Congress. Never did I before so honor one of my citizens; he was always true, always worthy. I honored myself in honoring him."

Let me borrow in this connection the very eloquent language of his colleague, Senator Ransom, who, in speaking of him on a similar occasion to this in the Senate, said:

> What Tell was to Switzerland, what Bruce was to Scotland, what William of Orange was to Holland, I had almost said what Moses was to Israel, VANCE was to North Carolina. I can give you but a faint idea of the deep, fervid, exalted sentiment which our people cherished for their greatest tribune. He was of them. He was one of them. He was with them. His thoughts, his feelings, his words were theirs. He was their shepherd, their champion, their friend, their guide, blood of their blood, great, good, noble, true, human like they were in all respects, no better, but wiser, abler, with higher knowledge and profounder learning.
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> Nor was this unsurpassed devotion unreasonable or without just foundation. For more than the third of a century, for upward of thirty years, in peace and in war, in prosperity and in adversity, in joy and in sorrow, he had stood by them like a brother—a defender, a preserver, a deliverer. He was their martyr and had suffered for their acts. He was their shield and had protected them from evil and from peril. He had been with them—he had been with them and their sons and brothers on the march, by the camp fires, in the burning light of battle; beside the wounded and the dying; in their darkest hours, amid hunger and cold and famine and pestilences, his watchful care had brought them comfort and shelter and protection.
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> * * * * *
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> In defeat, amid tumult, amid ruin, humiliation, and the loss of all they had, he had been their adviser, he had guided them through the wilderness of their woes and brought them safely back to their rights and all their hopes. He had been to them like the north star to the storm-tossed and despairing mariner. He had been greater than Ulysses to the Greeks. He had preserved their priceless honor, had saved their homes, and was the defender of their liberties. He was their benefactor. Every object around them reminded them of his care, every memory recalled, every thought suggested his usefulness and their gratitude.

The labors of his useful, brilliant life are over, the triumphs of earth are ended in death, but the memory of his deeds, the story of his career, will not only live in history, but tradition will hand them down from sire to son to the remotest generations of our people. His fame is immortal.

Address of Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Speaker: We are called upon on these occasions to speak of the virtues of many different types of men. Sometimes one is taken from us who has spent the most of his days in private business and has come to these Halls to crown with public honors a busy life. Sometimes we are called to mourn a man taken from us in the very beginning of his career, and consider what he might have accomplished had he lived. But it is seldom that, in either of these Halls, we find a man whose life was so completely given to public service as was the life of Senator Vance. He began his public career when he was a young man, barely of age, and he was a public servant from that time, almost without a pause, until his earthly life was ended. In the history of our country I think we shall find few men as remarkable. When a man is elected once or twice and disappears, we may attribute his success to circumstances; but when a man begins, as Mr. Vance began, a young man, and retains the confidence of those whom he served for a generation, we must conclude that his success is due to something more than chance or accident.

Senator Vance was "a leader among men." Few in our day or in our history even have better earned that designation than Zebulon B. Vance. He was a leader among men—and naturally so. He had those characteristics which could not fail to make him a leader, not self-appointed, but chosen by common consent. He was a

wise man. He was able to estimate causes and calculate effects. He was able to foresee what would come to pass, because he understood men—that is necessary in a leader. We rely upon the Infinite because we are finite. We feel the limitations of our own knowledge and we long to find someone who knows more and can see farther than we. Among men, we naturally turn to the one who can foresee events, as a child turns to a parent for advice. It was not the experience of age which he possessed; it was a sort of intuitive judgment, an instinct for truth, that made him see in advance what others only found out afterwards.

It has been mentioned here to-day that when the late civil war was about to break out he was able to survey the whole ground and to see what would be the necessary result, and that he told his people what that result would be. He did this, too, when a young man, a man younger than any of us who are on this floor to-day, and time proved his wisdom. So, coming on down, as each new crisis arose, as each new force began its work upon society, he seemed to be able to calculate what was coming, and every time his judgment was justified by events his hold upon popular confidence increased.

When the Fifty-third Congress was convened in extra session in August, 1893, no man in this country more clearly foresaw the course of events and more clearly predicted the results of the proposed financial policy. He talked with his associates; he wrote to his people; he told them just what the effect would be upon the party with which he was identified and whose name he loved.

Not only was he a wise man, but he was a courageous man. And that is a characteristic, too, that is essential

in the man who is to be a leader of men. He had the courage to assume responsibility. He shirked no duty. What he believed he said, and he was willing to stand or fall by the correctness of his conclusions. Jefferson, in speaking of some man, said that he had not learned the sublime truth that a bold, unequivocal virtue is the best handmaid even unto ambition. ZEBULON B. VANCE had learned that sublime truth. He knew that a bold, unequivocal virtue is the best handmaid unto ambition, and that, while trimming one's sails to catch a passing breeze may help temporarily, there is nothing which is permanently of aid to a public man except standing by his convictions. I have no doubt he had ambition; but from what I have been able to read and learn of him it was an ambition which is laudable, an ambition which every man in this country may well possess, an ambition to do his duty everywhere, an ambition to deserve well, to have what he deserved and nothing more.

He had more than wisdom and courage; he had that without which wisdom and courage would have been of no avail. He loved the people whom he would lead. And it was no condescending love either. It was no stooping down to someone beneath him. He really believed in the equality of men and that those among whom he associated were his brethren. He shared their hopes, their aims, and their ambitions. He felt their woes and he knew their joys. He was one of them, and the people loved him because they knew that he loved them. They trusted him because they knew that he trusted them. And in building upon the affections of the people he built upon the only sure foundation.

It has been said that the most sincere tribute that can be paid to a man is that which is paid at his grave. Some may fear a man while he lives, and therefore show him attention; or others may want to court his favor. When we see apparent friendship for the great we do not always know what motive may be behind it. But when a man is dead and is impotent longer to injure or to aid, when men gather around his grave and manifest their love, then we know that their affection is disinterested. And I believe it can be said that no man in this country ever enjoyed the sincere affection of a larger proportion of the people whom he served than Mr. VANCE.

But he was not only a leader of men, he was an orator of great influence. Not that on dress parade he was the best man to put up for a public speech, but he was one of the great orators because he possessed two of the characteristics of the orator; he knew what he was talking about when he talked, and he believed what he said. He who believes what he says will move others; and he who knows what he is talking about will convince others. Not only did he impart knowledge surcharged with earnestness, but he possessed rare ability in making the truth pleasant to receive.

He was a statesman as well as a leader of men and an orator. As a statesman he was devoted to his work. As a statesman he was prepared to make every sacrifice for which his position called. As a statesman he was ready to give to every call that conscientious response which duty required. As a statesman he was pecuniarily honest. There is nothing in the life of Mr. VANCE that I prize more than the fact that with all his ability, with all his

knowledge, with all his influence, no person can say that he ever sold his influence, his ability, or his support for money. No person can say that on any occasion he ever surrendered the interests of the people as he understood those interests for hope of gain.

Sometimes people speak sneeringly of legislators. Sometimes they speak as if there were no such thing as honesty among legislators. Some people talk as if every man has his price, as if all that is necessary is to offer enough money and the influence of any man who is serving in official position can be purchased. I do not believe that the worst enemy that Mr. VANCE ever had would say of him that any amount of money, however great, could have purchased his vote, his voice, or his influence. And that a man with his commanding ability, whose official life began at the very dawn of manhood and continued through all the conspicuous positions within the gift of his countrymen, should successfully resist all pecuniary temptations and die poor is, I think, one of the proudest of his achievements.

Mr. Speaker, there are things in this life more valuable than money. The wise man said three thousand years ago, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." We struggle, we sacrifice, and we toil in order to leave to our children a fortune; but I believe that Senator VANCE has left to his widow and to his children a greater, a more valuable heritage than he could possibly have left had he given to them all the money which one man ever accumulated in this world. When he left to them a name untarnished, when he left to them a reputation such as he earned and bore, he left to them that which no wealth can

purchase and that which no one who possesses it would part with for money. I am not skilled in the use of obituary adjectives, and did not rise to give a review of his life, but I beg to place on record my tribute of profound respect for a public servant who at the close of his career was able to say to the people for whom he toiled, "I have lived in your presence for a lifetime; I have received all my honors at your hands; I stand before you without fear that anyone can charge against me an official wrong." I say, to such a man I pay my tribute of respect.

Address of Mr. Warner.

Mr. Speaker: It has fallen to others, sir, to speak of Senator Vance from the standpoint of long association and intimate personal acquaintance. In the brief tribute which I shall pay to his memory I shall speak rather for those who watched his career from afar, and who had learned to trust in him as one of the standard bearers of the cause in which as private citizens they cast their ballots year after year.

It was in the troublous days of reconstruction, sir, that we of the North first knew of him. We then heard of him as one of those extraordinary young men of whom North Carolina has had so many. District attorney of his county as soon as he became of age; elected member of his State house of commons before his term of district attorney was over; elected to Congress at twenty-six, and kept there until he entered the Confederate army; made colonel at thirty-one, in three months after his enlistment, and elected governor of his State a year later, at the age of thirty-two; sent to the Senate in 1870, but refused admission there, we had learned to consider Governor Vance as the incarnation of North Carolina and North Carolina as the State of Governor Vance; and we were confirmed in this when, after being elected a third time governor, he was again sent to the Senate, this time taking his seat.

And it was but a short time, sir, before we began to know him as one of the chosen few upon whom we could always depend to fight the fight and keep the faith of the

great national party he so long and so well served. We of the North counted every year more and more on Senator VANCE, and every year we found our faith better justified.

And when, in 1890, as the great Senator from Kentucky was stricken with mortal illness, we saw Senator VANCE, worn and suffering, taking his place in the thickest of the fight, he became thenceforth our rock of reliance; and not merely in the Old North State of the South but throughout the North we gloried in his pluck and prayed for his health.

Such, sir, was the confidence, such were the fears with which we were inspired when, but a little more than a year ago, we anxiously awaited his return to the place where he was so sorely missed. The crisis was at hand of the long struggle in which he had so long fought. If there was any man who had earned the right to lead the battle in the Senate, if there was one upon whom his party and his country had specially counted, that man was Senator VANCE.

But death claimed him.

I shall not attempt, sir, to find consolation for his loss. In the crisis in which it occurred, in view of the long balance and dubious issue of the events in which we needed his aid, and lacked it, we can only bow to what must be. He was stricken down just when his arm was most needed; we lost his aid just when it would have availed us most; and the coranach of Duncan found its echo in our hearts:

> He is gone on the mountain,
> He is lost to the forest,
> Like a summer-dried fountain,
> When our need was the sorest.

He died too soon—not for himself, for fame had already written full the record of his busy life, but for his State, his country, and his party, that he had served so long and so well in field and in council; as a soldier, without fear; as a statesman, without variableness or shadow of turning; as a man among men, whose presence warmed and cheered every fellow-mortal whom he touched.

Address of Mr. Bunn.

Mr. Speaker: In that sweetest and tenderest, most sublime, and most beautiful love tragedy that was ever written—the thrilling, the heart-moving, the soul-electrifying play of Romeo and Juliet—Mercutio, the wit of that play, is made to say, when he had received a fatal wound in his breast by the hand of Tybalt, "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

And so the wound of bereavement which has been made in the hearts of his countrymen by that cruel dagger, Death, which removed from time to immortality the spirit of the lamented Vance, is deeper than the soundless depths of old Ocean and broader than the whole Christian Church, and it will remain there until the last ripple in the river of Time has been mingled with the waves in the ocean of Eternity.

And now, Mr. Speaker, in coming to pay my humble but sincere and heart-nursed tribute to transcendent worth and exalted greatness and loftiest excellence, I feel the poverty of human expression and the weakness of strongest language, for words, however expressive and graphic, are at best but poorest vehicles for the transmission of those feelings, when the heart is swept by the rushing billows of grief that sweep o'er the ocean of an overwhelming bereavement. And so, my tongue is in the coffin of Vance, and I can only bow my head and weep o'er the memories of

him who is now sleeping where the myrtles grow and the daisies peep.

But, Mr. Speaker, I must attempt a tribute to his worth and express my grief at the loss which our country has sustained in his untimely death. I say untimely, for he went down in the hour of his greatest usefulness, when his magnificently equipped mental forces were most admirably trained and drilled and disciplined and in fullest and strongest vigor. But he went down like the blazing meteor, more brilliant and dazzling and resplendent in its downward coruscations than when in pristine glory and unsullied radiance it first glistened in the firmament with planets; for our grandly panoplied Senator was ascending into the zenith of his glory; his last service was the most brilliant, his last speeches his greatest and his best, and they will crown his career with a halo of renown that will never lose the richness of its effulgence or the brilliancy of its beaming.

Yes; he died when his mind was in the noontide of its richest brilliancy and his power in the very summer of its lustiest vigor. He passed away when his splendid abilities were in greatest demand and when his sage counsels were most needed. And his loss is irreparable, for he was a true patriot and a broad-gauged statesman, and being so thoroughly versed in the affairs of government his sagacious counsels and ripe experience were indeed most needed in this trying ordeal of our political history. His death at such a time did indeed produce a shock that was felt all over the country, for while we all knew that he was in feeble health and was perhaps nearing that glorious sunset whose gorgeous beauties are but the undimmed reflections

of celestial splendor, yet his death was so sudden that we could scarcely realize that the brawny-brained statesman had ended his last debate, and that listening Senators would never more hang with rapt attention upon the wholesome words that fell from his eloquent tongue.

Senator VANCE was perhaps the most many-sided and admirably rounded public man of this century. He was not only a man of magnificent ability and richest intellectual resources, but he was a speaker of rarest eloquence and the most thrilling and electrifying oratory. His stirring appeals were as sweeping as the winds when forests are rended and as resistless as the billows of the sea when navies are stranded. He was, indeed, a grand, powerful, intellectual giant, and on the stump the most admirably fortified men of this age dreaded the sweep of his logic, the vigor of his eloquence, the fiery outbursts of his dramatic oratory, and the withering fires of his burning invective.

In the fields of literary culture and classic research he was indeed superb, for his speeches, while containing golden nuggets of ripest wisdom, sparkled with gems of richest humor and glistened with the auroral lights of the finest poetic fancy. Thousands have been charmed and enchanted with the richly blooming flowers of his poetic gardens and lulled and soothed by the rhythmic flow of his gracefully winding current of mellifluent rhetoric. All of his speeches were forceful in their presentation of truth and facts, noble in their ethical teachings of duty to country, luscious with the mellowest fruitage of lofty patriotism, opulent with the gems of successfully garnered wisdom, kingly in the imperial sweep of their royal eloquence, and regal in the magnificent drapery of the most

ornate diction. They will prove monuments to the fame of Senator VANCE more lasting than marble, for on the adamantine and invulnerable surface of their imperishable worth, unequaled merit, superb splendor, and magnificent beauty the corroding and devastating moth of decay will never fix a fang.

And the people loved him because his big, generous, sympathetic heart was always responsive to every touch of sorrow and distress, and ever ready to vibrate with tenderest strains of solace and commiseration; and so when the sad news of his death was sent on the quivering bosom of the electric current throughout his native State it opened the floodgates to the briniest waters in the stream of human bereavement, for all felt that one of North Carolina's truest and noblest and grandest sons had been stricken down like a flower in fullest bloom and beauty. And those who followed that funeral train as it took him to his last resting place in the mountains, and witnessed the spontaneous demonstrations of grief that gushed from the loyal hearts of the old and the young, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, must have realized that the depth of love and fervor of devotion felt and shown for him was never before manifested for any other man in the history of my State.

And the people loved him, too, because he was true to them. In season and out of season his voice was ever ready to uphold their interests and defend their rights. He was in touch with them, and they could always hear the beating of his great heart and listen to the music of its throbbings and from its inspiring strains find solace for the ills of the present and hope in the promises of the

future. And so he became their idol, and they followed him most blindly. And he never deceived or misled them, for his life was as an open book and its pages could be read by all. And on those pages there were no blurs or blots or blemishes; all pure and bright and stainless and flawless.

He was the soul of honor, the very embodiment of honesty. He had the courage of his convictions, and everybody knew how and where he stood, for he was free and bold in the expression of his views and opinions. And yet, bold and aggressive as he was in political combat, his heart was tender and sympathetic, and in all of his dealings with the weak and defenseless he was the very personification of womanly tenderness and forbearance; and no one could surpass him in those gentle amenities which give such a charm to manhood and such a glorious light to true greatness.

These are some of the virtues which emblazon his character and which will shine forever in that fadeless and imperishable coronet that will crown the lustrous brow of the illustrious VANCE.

But, alas! this stately oak, the very monarch in the forest of humanity, with all of its widespreading and luxuriant branches of intellectual adornment, bathing in the glad, warm sunlight of affectionate esteem and idolatrous admiration, has been stricken down by the inevitable bolt of death, and he now sleeps in the peaceful hush of the quiet grave. But men may stalk across the stage of existence and make reputation as bright and as radiant as the blush of a dewdrop under the trembling kiss of a morning sunbeam, but never will the brilliancy of his reputation be

surpassed by mortal man, and never will his name hold a second place on the tablet that recites the glories of intellectual splendor; and though he has gone from us forever, yet he has left behind him an example and an influence and a memory that will prove a blessing to his country and a benediction to his people, for their radiant light will blaze for our guidance the glorious path of patriotic duty he so nobly trod and encourage us to live like him who has gone to his God.

Yes; he has left behind a radiant stream of effulgent glory. Like the brilliant sun, which sinks behind the distant hilltops and leaves behind a golden stream of gorgeous splendors, making the whole western horizon seem as if the most opulent dye pots in the studio of the angels had been upset and had leaked through upon the clouds, thus giving them the tintings of celestial glories, so his sun of existence has sunk behind the hilltops of death and left behind a stream of memories that will never fade from the tablets of our hearts. Unlike the glories of the setting sun, which soon lose their gorgeous colorings in the bosom of darkness, his resplendent virtues will not lose their brilliancy in the shadows of death's dark night, for they were dug from mines of richest and purest ore, and bright in glory's jeweled throne they will shine for evermore.

On Fame's eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of our dead.

Address of Mr. Alexander

Mr. Speaker: Comparatively few great men have had such a checkered career as the late Senator Zebulon B. Vance. I will give only so much of his history as will show that during the changing conditions of society he was always the trusted leader of his people. He was born May 13, 1830, in Buncombe County, N. C. His early life was uneventful, not differing from that of the friends of his boyhood.

His educational advantages were not the best, but fairly good. He was admitted to practice law in the county courts in December, 1851, elected county solicitor for Buncombe County in May, 1852, and admitted to practice in the superior courts in August, 1853. He was elected to the house of commons of North Carolina in 1856, and to the United States Congress in 1858, and reelected in 1860. During this period he was an ardent Whig, and devoted to the Union. In 1861 he resigned his seat in Congress, and volunteered in the service of North Carolina and the Confederate States to fight as a soldier, actuated by the same spirit that prompted his fellow-citizens to engage in the war. They had to fight upon one side or the other, and preferred to cast their lot with the Southern States. He was elected captain of his company, and soon after was elected colonel of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment. He served with distinction in the battles of Newbern, N. C., the seven days before Richmond, and Malvern Hill.

In August, 1862, the people of North Carolina recalled him from the tented field and placed him in the governor's chair, and it was here that he exhibited that great executive ability that made him so well known through the Confederate States as the great war governor. His foresight in buying the *Advance*, a ship that repeatedly ran the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., freighted with blankets, clothing, boots, and shoes for the North Carolina soldiers and many articles of necessity for the people of the State, rendered him the idol of the soldier as well as the citizen at home. Again, in August, 1864, he was elected governor, and the closing days of the Confederacy further demonstrated the greatness of his executive ability.

After the surrender of the Confederate armies, in May, 1865, he was arrested by the military forces of the United States and brought to the city of Washington, D. C., and imprisoned in the Old Capitol. Some time afterwards he was released on parole and permitted to return to North Carolina. He moved with his family to Charlotte, N. C., and commenced the practice of law, and he proved himself to be one of the ablest advocates that bar has ever had. The National Republican party, controlling the National Government during the period of reconstruction, disfranchised a sufficient number of white people to give the newly organized Republican party, composed chiefly of carpetbaggers and negroes, control of the State.

The white people, believing that their civilization was threatened, combined under the name of the Conservative Democratic party, and in 1870 they redeemed the State. Though the late Senator VANCE was still disfranchised, his wise counsel aided materially in securing that great

victory. The legislature, recognizing the valuable service he had rendered, elected him to the United States Senate; but his disabilities not having been removed by Congress, he was not permitted to take his seat. In 1872 he was defeated for the same office by the friends of ex-Senator Merrimon combining with the Republicans. In 1876, after the greatest political contest that has ever occurred in the State, he was elected governor for the third time by a flattering vote.

In 1879 he was again elected to the United States Senate, reelected in 1885, and again in 1891. His death occurred in April, 1894. I think I but state the truth in saying that at the time of his death he had a greater hold upon the affections of the people of North Carolina than at any time during his life. A leader of the Whigs or Unionists, one of the great leaders of the Confederacy, and after reconstruction a great leader of the Democracy, as attested by his being reelected governor and four times United States Senator, is a record that proves—

> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

In my opinion, the great secret of his success was his intense earnestness and great ability in carrying out the principles contended for. He never wavered or faltered in a fight. He guarded the interests of the people so well that their confidence in his integrity and honesty was unbounded. They knew that he would never—

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

Few public men were so fortunate as to have so few personal enemies. Kind, generous, and sympathetic, gifted

with a rare fund of wit and humor, he gained the friendship of nearly every one with whom he came in contact. Having been in feeble health for many months, his death was not unexpected. Yet his death came at a time when his people most needed his wise counsel to pilot them through the political trouble then distracting the State. Others have told how the sad news of his death was received by his people, and the great sorrow exhibited by them as his colleagues carried his bier to the capital of his State, and thence to Asheville, and placed it in a sepulcher near his kindred and friends. North Carolina has lost her brightest jewel, and her people have seen their "guide star" struck from the political firmament.

Address of Mr. Branch.

Mr. Speaker: During my four years of service in the House the occasions have been frequent in either hall of Congress when solemn services like these have been held to pay the last act of respectful duty to the memory of some departed member. These occurrences can but warn us of the precarious tenure by which we hold to the fleeting things of time and teach the impressive lesson of instability of human life. It is a happy thing for a country, Mr. Speaker, when the lives of its public men can be thrown freely open to the world and challenge its closest scrutiny with a consciousness upon the part of the friendly critic that there is no blot to be concealed and no glaring fault which a love of truth forbids him to deny and his own sense of right scarcely allows him to palliate.

Of all public men I have known there are none whose lives teach us more impressively the great moral of the strength which public virtue gives than that of Zebulon Baird Vance. Here at least is a public man in whose life there can be found no mean or equivocating action, none of a departure from the self-imposed restraints of a lofty sense of honor; none in which either the fear of man, the seductions of ambition, or the allurements of pecuniary advancement could tempt to a deed which would destroy his own self-respect or the respect of others for him. He knew how to inspire a people with a just confidence in the soundness of his judgment and integrity of his purpose, so as to be looked to as a safe depository of trust and confidence.

His popularity was not the result of those factious aids which give to demagogues and political tricksters an existence, but was the natural consequence of his exalted qualities of both head and heart. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that each step in the political career of such a man should have been crowned with public honors. Amid all the fluctuations of public sentiment, amid all the changes of party, tried in times of war as well as peace, he was found pursuing the path of duty by the light of principle, and dying, he has left behind him a life of consistency and public virtue upon which the patriot may ponder with pleasure, and from which the mere aspirant for worldly honor may draw an instructive lesson.

His life is a true illustration that the line of duty is alike the path of safety and the way to honor. During a long and eventful period a very large portion of his life was spent in the public service; for near half a century he devoted his energies and his talents to the performance of public duties, always performing his trust with fidelity and ability, and never failing to command the confidence, admiration, and gratitude of an enlightened constituency. How happy now the reflections of those who loved him most that there is not an act of his public life which can be referred to but to his honor; not a suspicion that could mar the purity and luster of his escutcheon. The remembrance of the life and work of such a man should always be an inspiration to those who are to assume the duties he in his time so well performed.

Perhaps, Mr. Speaker, one of the highest encomiums ever passed on a man in public life, said John Quincy Adams, is that of an historian, eminent for his profound

acquaintance with mankind, who, in painting a great character by a single line, says: "He was just equal to all the duties of the highest offices which he attained and never above them." The possession of this rare political virtue was preeminently exemplified throughout the career of ZEBULON B. VANCE, who laid down his work without one stain upon his record, leaving as a priceless heritage to his family and his country a name synonymous with honesty and incorruptibility.

It is a privilege and a sad pleasure, Mr. Speaker, to lay garlands upon the tomb of the honored dead in whose memory these ceremonies are held to-day. I shall not attempt to give a review or sketch of his eventful life, nor recite the many important incidents that mark his long, distinguished public career. Colleagues of mine who have preceded me have with admirable precision of detail and in eloquent, graceful terms of unexaggerated eulogy spoken of ZEBULON B. VANCE, who has left upon the historic annals of his State and country lasting and imperishable evidences of his statesmanship and patriotism.

He was a brave, generous, magnanimous man; every pulsation of his warm, unselfish heart was kindness and love for his fellow-man. The good of his State, the glory of her people, the honor and welfare of his country was the polar star ever guiding him. His thoughts were of his State and her people. He saw her wide-extending fields of cotton and grain, her mines, her quarries, her factories, the hum of her wheels of industry, the songs of her workingmen—these were his thoughts. He knew the privations, the trials, the struggles of his people. To make the burden lighter, their hearts happier, were thoughts

that concerned him most, and while, Mr. Speaker, the addresses on this occasion can add nothing to the future happiness of the dead, can not augment the fame which his social virtues and his public career have earned, they tell the world that a republic can be grateful to those who have done her service, and that the citizens of a republic can appreciate the gentle qualities which give dignity and honor to a statesman's life and insure peace and consolation to a Christian's death.

A great man has fallen; it is fit we mourn him, indulging the hope that the light of his example may long continue to illuminate the paths of the future representatives of the State which honored and loved him as the swiftest in the race of ambition to serve her, the strongest in the strife for her supremacy, a State which now holds his remains and will ever cherish his memory.

Address of Mr. Bower of North Carolina.

Mr. Speaker: All that panegyric can bestow has been accorded to him whose distinguished life and melancholy death we to-day commemorate. The tongue of the orator, the pen of the historian, and, what would have been more to the illustrious dead, the love-inspired eloquence of his immediate fellow-citizens, have proclaimed and recorded his distinguished deeds and exalted station. In the presence of his stupendous merit common adulation blushes into silence, and genuine appreciation would be mute. Discarding fulsome flattery, it may truthfully be said of him that he was the greatest of all North Carolinians. If asked in what respect greatest, let each honest admirer answer for himself according to what his own ideal of true greatness may be, for his greatness was full-measured and many-sided. If called upon to name the principal trait or talent that gave him such distinction, his friends would be widely apart in their views. On what rests his solid and enduring fame?

The world has laughed and has been refreshed from the fountain of his quaint and inimitable humor. His anecdotes and sallies of wit are quoted in almost every household in his native State. In every family there yet lives some one to relate and recount his wonderful achievements upon the hustings; how this opponent was foiled; how that was overthrown by the keen thrust of apt and witty illustration. Perhaps he was best known as a humorist,

and yet I may venture to suggest that his humor was only an incident and an instrumentality to more substantial qualities. As a ready and an agreeable debater he had few equals and no superiors. He grappled with a comprehension broad and accurate the most abstruse political questions of his day, and it may be said that he never discussed such a question without at once elucidating and simplifying it. Under his manipulation the intricate questions of revenue and tariff legislation were brought within easy scope of ordinary intelligence and understanding. He never shot above the heads of his audience and never below. Whether addressing a grave and dignified Senate or speaking face to face with the sturdy yeomanry of his State, whose arms had borne him so often to victory and never to defeat, he was the same easy, forcible, and convincing orator. He never discussed a question that he did not thoroughly understand, and hence never failed to be interesting and instructive.

His public life was preeminently eventful and successful. Scarcely had he attained his majority when he was clothed with responsible judicial office. At the age of twenty-seven he had the honor of a seat in this Hall, defeating a gentleman of great prominence in his State and changing the political complexion of the district from which he hailed. For a new and young member his standing in Congress was highly creditable. This was just prior to the civil war, and when that memorable struggle came on, though only thirty years of age, the eyes of his people were turned to him for guidance and leadership. Up to the time when his State seceded from the Union he had been an ardent Union man, but when the bond that united North Carolina

with other States had been severed he hesitated no longer, but threw himself with all his soul into the contest which he had hoped to see averted, but which when inevitable received his hearty and unfaltering support.

When the tocsin of war was sounded he was promptly at the front, and as colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, as gallant a troop as ever marched to battle, he gave promise of as much distinction in arms as afterwards awaited him in the civic field. But it was as the "war governor" of North Carolina that he reached the acme in the esteem and affection of his people. He was in every pulsation and fiber truly Southern, and in the rôle of governor at this critical period he showed forth to great advantage those splendid qualities of head and heart that make the ruler immortal and command the unalloyed pride and gratitude of the governed. Those who lead in times of greatest gloom and trial are those around whose memory cluster the most tender affections of an appreciative people.

In the dark days of 1864 and 1865 he was the beacon light of hope and consolation, and when the sun of the Confederacy went out in the final eclipse he appeared as the first and brightest star in the new and upper firmament. It is not necessary to trace his career from the days of reconstruction to the close of his life. It is written upon every imperishable page that records the history of his State and nation. How he spurned the pelf of power and the lust and greed of office, "choosing rather to suffer affliction" with his people "than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," how he drank the dregs of political humiliation and again tasted the sweets of political

redemption, "these things are known and read of all" his countrymen.

In the magnificent structure of his life and character a few of the salient features may be noted. And first and most prominent was the inborn rugged honesty that characterized his life from its beginning to its close. And when I speak of honesty I do not mean it in its narrow, restricted sense of meeting one's pecuniary obligations, though in this sense it may be remarked he lived an honest man and died a poor one. But I use the term in its broader acceptance, involving perfect candor and fairness in all his personal and political relations and dealings with his fellow-man. As a representative he never deceived nor attempted to deceive his constituency. However embarrassing the strait or pressing the emergency, he "hewed to the line." He was no trimmer. He pursued no devious ways, but sought his object with courageous rectitude in a straightforward, manly way. And yet, while he did not court, he did not spurn public sentiment.

The secret of his great political strength and success was the grace with which he responded to a popular demand when no inconsistency or sacrifice of principle was involved. Another element in his composition was his intense patriotism and ardent love for the people of his State. He loved North Carolina with the fervor of a first love. Her tall mountains and beetling crags, her deep ravines and undulating valleys, her green fields, her babbling brooks, her bounding rivers caught the enraptured fancy of his youth and held with unbroken charm the ripe and mellowed heart of the man. To him no atmosphere so rare and bracing, no landscape so witching,

no sky so blue as hers. No wonder the tired and wasted body in the throes of its impending dissolution should have sought the scenes of its early association and imbibed fresh vigor and renewed hope in every breath wafted from the misty mountain tops of his birthland.

His solicitude for the welfare of his people knew not limitation or cessation. In every crucial period in his life he had taken them into his innermost sympathy and confidence. In the antebellum days of his budding greatness, at the twilight, and again at the midnight, of war's dread carnival, in the succeeding period of material depression and gloom, in victory and defeat, in sunshine and in storm, he was ever of them and with them. Through all the vicissitudes incident to a most eventful and thrilling public life he maintained his hold upon the popular heart as only a true patriot and matchless commoner could have done. As the solemn tidings of his death swept over the State every true North Carolinian felt as if a star of the first magnitude had suddenly been blotted from the heavens and the State had somehow grown commonplace and dull. He has gone from our sight forever, and we shall not see his like again.

Address of Mr. Woodard.

Mr. Speaker: When Senator Vance died North Carolina lost its foremost citizen. He will go down in history as the greatest man the State has ever produced. The people gave him their highest honors. He was a member of the legislature four years; a member of this body, elected at the age of twenty-eight; elected governor at the age of thirty-two; again elected governor at the age of thirty-four; elected United Senator in 1872, but refused admission by the Republican Senate; elected governor in 1876; elected to the Senate in 1878, and a member of that body until his death. This is a brief summary of his public life. In these positions there is a record of over thirty-five years of continuous, faithful, and unselfish public service, and no man has ever lived in North Carolina who ever merited or received such love and confidence from the people. He was incomparably the most popular North Carolinian who ever lived.

His commanding intellectual force and versatile genius would have won preeminence anywhere, but the true basis of his success and the secret of his marvelous popularity was to be found in the rugged honesty, the fearless frankness, the genial humor, and the sincere desire to promote the welfare of the people which characterized him.

Senator Vance was a man of varied gifts. Elected to Congress when only twenty-eight years of age, he was soon recognized as one of the ablest and most brilliant men in that body. It was at this period of his life that Hon.

George E. Badger, then the ablest man in North Carolina, a United States Senator for many years, said to a friend, in speaking of the exciting canvass of 1860, "You should hear VANCE, the young Congressman from the mountain district. There never lived such a stump speaker as he." When Lincoln issued his call for troops Senator VANCE enlisted as a private soldier in the Confederate army and at once went to the field. The people of his mountain district desired to elect him to the Confederate Congress, but he declined in the following letter to a friend:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, N. C. TROOPS,
Camp Burgwyn, near Morehead City, September 18.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 2d instant, addressed to my brother, was forwarded by him and received this day. In it you ask, first, if I will be a candidate for Congress, and, second, if not a candidate, will I consent for my name to be run? To both questions I answer in the negative. To this course I am impelled by what I consider the most conclusive of reasons.

You remember well the position I occupied upon the great question which so lately divided the people of the South. Ardently devoted to the old Union and the forms which the Federal fathers established, I clung to it so long as I thought there was a shadow of a hope of preserving, purifying, or reconstructing it. And you will also remember that in the last official communication I had the honor to make to my constituents as their Representative I pledged myself in case all our efforts for peace and justice at the hands of the North should fail that their cause was mine, their destiny was my destiny, and that all I had and was should be spent in their service. Those hopes did fail, as you know, signally and miserably fail; civil war was thrust upon the country and the strong arm of Northern despotism was stretched out to crush and subdue the Southern people. I immediately volunteered for their defense, in obedience not only to this promise, but also, as I trust, to patriotic instincts; and I should hold this promise but poorly fulfilled should I now, after having acquired sufficient knowledge of military affairs to begin to be useful to my country, escape its obligations by seeking or even accepting a civil appointment.

Certainly if there lives a man in North Carolina who ought to do all and suffer all for his country, I am that man. Since the time of my entering upon man's estate the people have heaped promotion and honors, all undeserved, upon my head. In everything I have sought, their generous confidence, their unfailing kindness have sustained me. Whilst I can never sufficiently repay it, I am determined, God helping me, to show them I was not altogether unworthy of their regard. I am therefore not a candidate for Congress, nor will I consent for

my name to be run. I am perfectly satisfied to be represented again by the sound sense and sober judgment of the gentleman who has so lately represented us at Richmond, or by a dozen gentlemen who live in our district not connected with the army, some of whom I hope the common peril and the common cause will induce our people to elect without bickering and strife.

I can not close this hasty letter without assuring you that I am not insensible to the compliment conveyed by your own and a hundred other similar interrogations which have reached me from different parts of the district. No man can feel prouder or more grateful at such manifestations. Surely God has never blessed a man with more sterling and devoted friends than I can number in the mountain district! May my name perish from the memory of my wife and children when I cease to remember these friends with gratitude. Among the many who have adhered so faithfully to my poor fortune, through good and through evil report, I am always proud to remember you, unfalteringly and unmistakably.

Please to accept, in conclusion, every assurance of my regard and good wishes for you and yours.

Most truly yours, Z. B. VANCE.

N. G. ALLMAN, Esq., *Franklin, N. C.*

He was elected captain of his company and soon thereafter colonel of his regiment, and his service in the army was characterized by signal bravery and faithful devotion to the welfare of his troops. While in this service the eyes of the people of the State turned to him as the best man they could select for governor during this trying period in the State's history. After careful deliberation he accepted the nomination, and addressed the following letter to his life-long friend, Mr. E. J. Hale, the able editor of the then leading paper of the State, the Fayetteville Observer:

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, N. C. TROOPS,
Kinston, June 16, 1862.

EDITORS OF THE OBSERVER: A number of primary meetings of the people and a respectable portion of the newspapers of the State having put forward my name for the office of governor, to which I may also add the reception of numerous letters to the same purport, I deem it proper that I should make some response to these flattering indications of confidence and regard.

Believing that the only hope of the South depended upon the prosecution of the war at all hazards and to the utmost extremity so long as the foot of an invader

pressed Southern soil, I took the field at an early day, with the determination to remain there until our independence was achieved. My convictions in this regard remain unchanged. In accordance therewith I have steadily and sincerely declined all promotion save that which placed me at the head of the gallant men whom I now command. A true man should, however, be willing to serve wherever the public voice may assign him. If, therefore, my fellow-citizens believe that I could serve the great cause better as governor than I am now doing, and should see proper to confer this great responsibility upon me, without solicitation on my part, I should not feel at liberty to decline it, however conscious of my own unworthiness.

In thus frankly avowing my willingness to labor in any position which may be thought best for the public good, I do not wish to be considered guilty of the affectation of indifference to the great honor which my fellow-citizens thus propose to bestow upon me. On the contrary, I should consider it the crowning glory of my life to be placed in a position where I could most advance the interests and honor of North Carolina, and, if necessary, lead her gallant sons against her foes. But I shall be content with the people's will. Let them speak.

Sincerely deprecating the growing tendency toward party strife amongst our people, which every patriot should shun in the presence of the common danger, I earnestly pray for that unity of sentiment and fraternity of feeling which alone, with the favor of God, can enable us to prosecute this war for liberty and independence, against all odds and under every adversity, to a glorious and triumphant issue.

Very sincerely, yours, Z. B. VANCE.

He was elected governor in 1862, and during the stormy period of these years he exhibited the highest executive ability in the discharge of the exacting duties of his position. He exalted personal liberty and its safeguard. He equipped and sent to the Confederacy more men according to population than were furnished by any other Southern State. North Carolina soldiers were better clad, the people at home had more comforts of life, all due to his wise forethought in the exports of cotton to Europe and purchase of supplies in the European markets. So conspicuous were his services during these years that he became known throughout the South as the great war governor. He frequently visited the soldiers in their camp and was always a welcome and honored guest. A member of his

staff has written a most graphic account of the visit of Governor VANCE to the Army of Northern Virginia. Says this gentleman:

Among the most pleasant incidents of my service as a member of the governor's staff was a visit which I made with him to the Army of Northern Virginia in the winter of 1863.

He was then a candidate for reelection to the gubernatorial chair, having filled it for one term with great eclat, but being opposed by a certain faction at home, which proclaimed itself for "peace and reconstruction" on any terms. This appeal, it was feared, had produced some impression upon the minds of the soldiers in the field, and though the ostensible object of the visit was the advancement of his political interests, its real purpose was to rekindle the fires of patriotism in the hearts of the North Carolina troops, and to cheer and stimulate the entire army. I had supposed that I knew him thoroughly and appreciated him fully, but I had no conception of his gifts as an orator and of the potency of his personal magnetism until this memorable occasion.

Inspired alike by the peculiar surroundings and the importance of his mission, he transcended himself and produced an impression upon the army, from its great captain to its humblest private, which displayed itself in the wildest enthusiasm for the cause and the most intense idolatry for its eloquent advocate.

That he should have been thus inspired is not surprising, for the circumstances which surrounded him would have stirred the heart of any man.

General Lee ordered a general review in his special honor—an incident, I believe, without parallel in the history of the army.

Upon an immense plain, in the immediate neighborhood of Orange Court House, there were assembled the troops which composed the then unconquered Army of Northern Virginia. These were clad in rags, but wreathed with victory; their flags were soiled and tattered, but upon them were inscribed the immortal names of Cold Harbor, Manassas, and South Mountain; their arms were battered and blackened, but their fire startled the nations and reverberated around the world; their bands were decimated and out of tune, but they still discoursed the inspiring strains of "Dixie," "The bonny blue flag," and "The girl I left behind me." And though many a gallant leader was absent because "off duty" forever, Jackson, Longstreet, Stuart, Early, Ewell, Hill, Rhodes, Gordon, Hampton, Pettigrew, and Fitzhugh Lee were there to do honor to Carolina's illustrious son.

Arrayed in two confronting lines, and with their bronzed faces beaming with pleasure and expectancy, the noble veterans awaited the coming of the old chieftains whom they had followed in triumph so long, and of the youthful governor whose devotion to the cause and tender care of his own troops had already made him the idol of them all. Finally the cannon boomed and General Lee and Governor VANCE appeared, and, amid a storm of enthusiastic cheers and an avalanche of friendly greetings, rode slowly along the excited lines.

It was a stirring scene, and as I rode with this distinguished company and gazed into the battered but radiant faces around me and listened to the grand "Confederate yell" which met their great commander and his honored guest, I felt that it was indeed an occasion to be remembered, and realized that I stood in the presence of heroes and conquerors—of the men who had made history, and even from their enemies the reputation of being "the bravest soldiers who ever marched to the music of battle."

So soon as the review—if that military love feast can be so designated—was ended the men and officers came crowding around the elevated platform which had been prepared for the orator and for two hours gave him their most earnest attention.

The day was truly a proud one for North Carolina and for her gifted son, and a more appropriate, effective, and eloquent address was never uttered by human lips. Under the influence of his rich and varied imagery, his happy and graphic illustrations, his masterly grasp and inner meaning, trenchant thrusts and touching allusions, his stirring appeals and deep pathos, and, in a word, his magnificent and resistless eloquence, the audience was stirred, enraptured, enthused, and carried away as if by the spell of a magician. Not a man who heard the impassioned outburst of patriotic inspiration would have hesitated to die for his country; and I am convinced that in many an hour of supreme peril afterwards it rang like trumpet tones through the souls of those who heard it, inspiring them to a higher courage, a nobler effort, a purer patriotism, and a more heroic martyrdom for the cause which they loved so well. If aught of lukewarmness or despondency had been produced by the machinations of a selfish faction at home, they vanished as the morning mist before the rising sun under the spell of this good man's matchless eloquence. I heard General Lee remark that Governor VANCE'S visit to the army had been equivalent to its reenforcement by 50,000 men; and it sowed the seed of a friendship between those two true-hearted patriots which fructified even amid the dark days preceding the surrender, and grew and strengthened long after the land which they loved so well had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

It was then that he made classic the term "Tarheel," which others had hitherto applied in derision to the North Carolina soldiers, by addressing them as "fellow Tarheels" and demonstrating that the sobriquet was but a synonym of that tenacious courage which made them stick to their post in the hour of danger upon so many hard-fought fields to their own imperishable honor and to the eternal glory of the mother State, and even afterwards, during the war and up to the present moment, the most subtle compliment which can be paid to a North Carolinian who followed the banner of the Confederacy in all of its vicissitudes of fortune until it was furled forever at Appomattox is to call him by that homely but blood-baptized appellation of "Tarheel."

It was of this speech that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart said that "if the test of eloquence is its effect, this speech was the

most eloquent ever delivered." At the close of the war he was arrested and imprisoned here in the Old Capitol Prison. He was soon released, returned to his home, and engaged in the practice of his profession. He was a well-equipped and successful lawyer. He often told with keen enjoyment of the compliment paid him when a young lawyer attending the court of his mountain district. Many of the ablest lawyers in the State lived in this district.

Several of the mountaineers were on the court green discussing the merits of the lawyers who were in attendance upon the court. At the close of the discussion one of them said: "Well, if that young man, ZEB VANCE, ever gets by the judge I would rather have him than any of those old lawyers." While not a high compliment to his legal ability at the time, yet it was a marked tribute to his power before the people; but it was not long before he could "get by the judge," for he soon became one of the leading lawyers in the State.

One of the last speeches made by Senator VANCE in the Senate was a legal argument to sustain the position that the governor of a State had no power to appoint a Senator to fill a vacancy caused by the failure of the legislature to elect. This speech was an able and luminous constitutional argument, and, though the views sustained by him were not at that time entertained by a majority of the Committee on Privileges and Elections or of the Senate, his argument convinced a majority of that body that his was the correct view of the question. The distinguished gentleman who now presides over the Senate with so much ability, in speaking of Senator VANCE, said to me that this speech was the ablest presentation of the question made by any Senator, although many of the ablest

lawyers of that body engaged in the discussion. No higher compliment could be paid to his ability as a lawyer. He was a great political leader. The people of his State gladly gave him every position of honor in their gift. I doubt, Mr. Speaker, if there ever lived a man in our country who had the influence and power in his State that was accorded Senator VANCE. He had their love and confidence. In almost every home in North Carolina, whether it be a cabin, in the mountain cave, or the brick mansion of the city, upon its walls the genial and kindly countenance of Senator VANCE looks down upon you. Hundreds of children of the State bear his name. The people confided in his wisdom, reverenced his integrity, and loved him for his own sake.

One has well said:

> His wise sayings, his sparkling witticisms, his charming humor, were the guide, the light, and cheer of every hearthstone in the State. His kindly nature, his true manliness, his peerless intellect, his clear judgment, made him the welcome, honored guest of the cottage of the poor and the mansion of the rich. The Jewish theocracy guarded the law with such jealousy that he who but laid his hand upon the ark was stricken with death. With that same care he stood before our constitution in times of peril, when elsewhere the law was silent amid the clash of arms. Did he ever fail in his devotion to North Carolina? Had he an enemy who was not also her enemy?

As a campaign speaker he was unequaled, and I doubt if in the last quarter of a century there was a public speaker in this country who was so effective on the stump. He was a great orator. His wit, his eloquence, his logic, charmed his audiences, and no one who came to hear him ever grew wearied. He was a masterful humorist. He had superior literary tastes. His lectures and literary addresses are all models of a clear, chaste, and vigorous style, oftentimes eloquent, and always evidencing thorough acquaintance with the best literary thought of the day. It will be fortunate

if the lectures and addresses he delivered on various subjects and his speeches in the Senate can be preserved in some permanent form. The volume containing them would be a most valuable contribution to the literature of our country.

But, Mr. Speaker, the work which has entitled Senator VANCE to a most conspicuous position among the great men of the country is his labors in the United States Senate. Coming to that body preceded by a reputation as a statesman of ability, he was soon recognized as one of its ablest members and was assigned to membership on the leading committees of that body. Recognizing at that time that in the near future the great questions which would confront Congress for settlement would be the proper adjustment of the tariff taxation and a just settlement of the financial question, he began the thorough study of these questions, and it has been well said by his associates in that body that no Senator discussed them with more power and ability than did Senator VANCE. When the McKinley bill was pending in the Senate Senator VANCE, as a member of the Finance Committee, was the recognized leader of his party, and the burden of the debate of that bill fell largely upon him. The student of the difficult and complex question of the tariff can find in the literature of that subject no more valuable material for its mastery than the speeches of Senator VANCE, and upon most of the important questions coming before that body he spoke and always with singular force and ability. As Senator Gray has so well said:

> His equipment as an orator was strong and unique. There are few of us who can not recall the delight occasioned by the display of his wit, and how story, epigram, and apt illustration lighted up many a tedious discussion, his clearness

of mental vision making many a crooked path straight. No debate was ever dull in which he was engaged, and no one cared to leave this Chamber when VANCE was on the floor.

Senator VANCE gave much thought and study to the financial question and was a strong advocate of the restoration of silver to the position it occupied prior to 1873, believing that the free coinage of silver would promote the best interests of the people of the whole country.

The last speech he made in the Senate was in opposition to the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. I always considered it a great privilege to have heard this speech, by many considered one of the ablest ever delivered in the Senate.

Fatal disease had already laid its hand upon him. His stalwart frame had grown feeble and weak, his voice had lost much of its peculiar charm and power. He was speaking when I entered the Senate. Almost every Senator was in his seat, listening eagerly to the powerful argument he was making. He had not proceeded long before all evidence of his feeble condition had seemingly passed away, and feeling, as he no doubt did, that this might be his last appeal for legislation believed by him to be vital for the best interests of his people, he husbanded all his strength and for nearly two hours held the undivided attention of the Senate. It was a great speech, enlivened by the flashes of his wit and humor, his argument sustained by his powerful logic. It deserves to rank among the ablest delivered by any Senator during that memorable debate.

At the close of the extra session he went to Black Mountain, hoping to regain his health in the bracing and health-giving air of his beautiful mountain home.

He returned at the regular session, but it was apparent to his friends that his career was ended. At his home in this city he was confined for many weeks. I saw him often. He was the same genial, kindly man. An hour spent with him was always a pleasant memory.

He was buried in the beautiful cemetery at Asheville, at the foot of the mountains he loved so well. Others have spoken of the deep grief manifested by all classes of our people, and of the honors paid his memory. In every town in the State services were held, addresses made, and resolutions adopted expressive of the sorrow of our people and of their appreciation of his character and services. He sleeps well, awaiting the resurrection morn.

ADDRESS OF MR. CRAWFORD.

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause to-day to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Senator VANCE—to drop a tear, as it were, on his grave. Eulogy, at this time and place, can but imperfectly outline the character and public service of the dead patriot and statesman. It must be left to the historian to review and analyze the great life work of the peerless and incomparable VANCE and give him his true place in his country's history.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE was born in Buncombe County, N. C., May 13, 1830, in the district which I have the honor to represent. He was not surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, but the ordinary comforts of life, and it may be said that his greatest heritage was a poverty that gave him an opportunity to build his own fortune—and he built as a master builder. Nature endowed him with a double portion of the essential elements of true greatness and cast his lot among the beautiful and picturesque Alleghanies, in the very heart of the "Land of the Sky," in the shadow, as it were, of Mount Mitchell, Pisgah, and a score of other peaks whose summits pierce the clouds 6,000 feet above the sea. That portion of North Carolina was then comparatively an isolated spot, where the busy ways of trade had not been learned, and where the tireless march of progress had scarcely tread—

> A solitude
> Of vast extent, untouched by hand of art,
> Where Nature sowed herself
> And reap'd her crops.

To him these mountains were an inspiration; upon their grandeur his soul feasted, and his young life was filled with a love and admiration for the beautiful and sublime in nature. The fountain of his aspiration was fed by nature herself, and from her open book he learned his most valuable lessons. The breeze that winged its way from mountain cavern, the sunbeam that frolicked with the leafy forest, the flower that smiled upon the grassy dell, the brook that lisped its never-ending song, all had a message for him, and in them and beyond them all he saw and realized the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God.

The intellectual faculties of young VANCE were aided by an indomitable will power, and he seized every opportunity within his grasp for acquiring an education. After attending the best schools of the community he took a course at Washington College, Tennessee, and subsequently a select course, including law, at the University of North Carolina. He located in Asheville to practice his profession, and at the age of twenty-two he was prosecuting attorney of Buncombe County; at twenty-four he was a member of the legislature, and at twenty-eight he was elected to Congress to fill the unexpired term of Thomas L. Clingman, who had been appointed to the Senate. The district had been largely Democratic, and the party had for a candidate a strong exponent in W. W. Avery. But, contrary to all expectation, the Whigs carried it, electing VANCE by a handsome majority—the youngest man North Carolina ever sent to Congress. He was again elected in 1860 over Col. David Coleman.

His term in the House was brief, but he made for himself a national reputation, and by his faithful and efficient

services he endeared himself more than ever to the people of his State. He was a strong Union man and opposed secession with all the ardor of his vigorous nature, but surrendered his judgment to the wisdom of his sovereign State when she withdrew from the Union. He resigned his seat in Congress, came home, organized a company, and went to the seat of war. In a few months he was made colonel of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, and participated in the "seven days' fight" around Richmond. In 1862, while in the field, he was elected governor over Col. William Johnson.

His administration was more aggressive than that of any other governor of the seceded States, and he was known as the "war governor of the South." Under his administration North Carolina mustered and sent to the war more men than any other State of the Confederacy—more than one-sixth of the whole number enlisted. He was quick to realize that the State could not equip and maintain her soldiers in the field without the aid of foreign commerce; therefore he purchased a splendid steamer in the Clyde, and successfully ran the blockade, exchanging cotton for arms, ammunition, and clothing for the soldiers and salt and other domestic articles for the people at home.

The popularity of Governor VANCE was unbounded. His wise policy and successful administration met the approval of the people generally, and in 1864 he was again elected by a large majority over W. W. Holden.

Mr. Speaker, fate had decreed against the dissolution of the Union, the resources of the South were finally exhausted, and the Confederacy collapsed. The leading officials were arrested and imprisoned. Governor VANCE was brought

to this city and confined in the Old Capitol, but after a few months was released. He returned home, located in Charlotte, and resumed the practice of law. But never for a moment did he lose sight of the political situation. During the dark days of reconstruction no man did so much to make the harsh and unwise policy of the Federal Administration odious as ZEBULON B. VANCE. While others hesitated and faltered, he struck straight from the shoulder with his keen Damascus blade, and never failed to leave a gaping wound. He hurled his thunderbolts against the carpetbag régime with the precision of Jove.

I believe that when the historian comes to review the long and illustrious services of Senator VANCE to his State it will be recorded that the period of reconstruction furnished the brightest star in his crown of fame. That period when the South was in a formative state, passing from the old to the new order of things; when local self-government was overthrown, and the people were under the iron heel of oppression; when his beloved State had been stricken by the devastating hand of war, and carrion vultures were flocking to feed upon its emaciated form; then it was he rose with the strength of young Hercules, and from one end of the State to the other he attacked these hordes of despoilers with a boldness and power that were irresistible, and rallied the patriotic and conservative people to his support and overturned their rule of riot and ruin. Wise and wholesome laws were enacted, the right of local self-government was restored to the bona fide citizens, and no State in the Union with like advantages has made greater progress, and no people have been more wisely, honestly, and economically governed than the

people of North Carolina. These results are largely attributable to Senator VANCE, for he was in close touch with the masses and had great influence in molding public sentiment and in shaping political policies. He was the idol of the people, and they trusted him with implicit confidence and loved him as they loved no other man. They delighted to honor him and bestowed upon him their choicest gifts.

Mr. Speaker, the issues of the war brought about a political revolution and made friends of former antagonists. Upon these issues the Whig party went to pieces and Senator VANCE became a Democrat and opposed the Republican party with greater zeal than he had opposed the Democratic party when he was a Whig. He was as true to the principles of Democracy as the needle to the pole, and at the hands of the Democratic party received his greatest honors. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1870, but was not allowed to take his seat on account of political disabilities incurred during the war.

In 1876 he was nominated for governor, and the Republicans nominated Judge Settle, their best and ablest man. Their joint campaign was the most memorable in the history of the State, and is fresh in the minds of all who heard it. It was a battle of the giants—Greek meeting Greek. They were both in the prime of life, and both were splendid specimens of physical manhood. The discussion was masterly and on a high plane. ZEB VANCE, as he was familiarly called, was a household word, though I had never seen him until the day of the speaking at Waynesville. But few days of my life are as clearly photographed on my mind as that, and the scope of no debate

is so well remembered. The people turned out en masse, and the discussion took place in the grove at the Baptist church, VANCE leading off. I remember the first words he uttered, and to the closing sentence he held me spellbound. Never before had I heard such an outburst of wit, humor, and eloquence. His great speech, combined with his fine physique and stately bearing, made him at once my ideal statesman, and such he remained through life. The Democrats carried the State, electing VANCE by a majority of over 13,000.

After serving two years as governor, he was elected to the Senate, and took his seat March 18, 1879, and was reelected in 1885, and again in 1891. To undertake to review his course in the Senate would be to give a résumé of the important legislation of that body since he became a member. He entered the Senate at the age of forty-nine, with an experience of twenty-five years in public affairs and a national reputation which put him at once in the front rank of American Senators. For a number of years he had been a leading member of the Finance Committee, and devoted most of his time to the tariff and financial questions, and had much to do with the legislation along these lines. He led the fight of the minority against the McKinley bill and demonstrated that he had thoroughly mastered the subject in detail.

It was the ambition of his life to live to see the tariff reformed in the interest of the people and silver restored to its constitutional place as a money metal of the country. For these results he labored in season and out of season. Often he met successfully in debate the champions of the protective tariff and the gold standard. He had but few

equals and no superiors in debate. His nature was pugnacious and combative, but his sword was never drawn except in defense of the people's rights, and when drawn was never sheathed until the right prevailed. But he was a generous, manly opponent, sincere and honest, and never resorted to a temporizing expedient to gain advantage over his antagonist.

Mr. Speaker, Senator VANCE was a student, and by too close application his health was gradually undermined, and before he was aware he was rapidly approaching the grave. The last speech he made was on the 1st of September, 1893, against the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. With prophetic wisdom he predicted that there would be no legislation favorable to silver if not had at the time the Sherman law was repealed. This was one of the greatest speeches of his life, and he spoke with his old-time vigor. When he had concluded, I congratulated him, saying, "Governor, you seem to be yourself again," and he replied, "By no means; I am thoroughly exhausted." And the great statesman and patriot stepped out of the Senate and the doors closed behind him forever.

For some time he had realized that an insidious malady was sapping his vitals, and with a hope of relief he sought the sights and scenes of lands beyond the seas. Perhaps the deep, heaving billow or the cheery whisper of the wavelets; perhaps the soft caress of ocean's briny breath—perhaps these might lend a balm to heal him. He spent several months in Europe, visiting famous health resorts, but returned home without realizing his hopes. He resumed his duties in the Senate, but soon it became necessary for him again to abandon his work, and he retired,

as he had often done, to the sweet seclusion of his mountain home in North Carolina, to enjoy the companionship of tree and bird and brook, where he could lay his head upon the bosom of the solitude and feel the refreshing influence of nature's heart throbs. This seemed to give him a new lease on life, and he returned to attend the extra session of Congress, in the summer of 1893, with his health apparently restored. But his laborious work as chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, the long, tedious struggle over the repeal of the Sherman law, and the worry and disappointment over offices for his friends completely prostrated him.

Still hoping that the coveted panacea might be found, he went to Florida; but alas! he grew worse, returned to his home in Washington, and, after lingering a few weeks, died on the night of the 14th of April, 1894. He could no longer flee from death. The sands in the hourglass had refused to flow; the gateway to another world was reached, and life vanished like a rainbow on a summer's morning. His was a painless death. The angel poised in contemplative silence above the ebbing and flowing tide, and seeing the weary waves roll heavily against the shore, reached down and laid a gentle hand upon the flood—and he was dead.

The climax of his life was heralded by a glorious sunset, while the night drew on as gently as the summer's gloaming, and brightly gleamed the halo that crowned his earthly career as he fell Death's captive on the threshold of the night. Too soon it seemed the autumn of his life drew swiftly on; too soon the hungry breath of ill-timed winter sought to steal away the glories of his ripening years,

and his spirit, like a swift-winged bird of passage, took its flight to brighter and more genial climes.

When the message was flashed along the electric wires, "Senator VANCE is dead," the heart of every North Carolinian was sad; for all realized that his death was not only a great and irreparable loss to the State, but to each individual a personal bereavement, for every man, rich and poor alike, could say, "He was my friend."

The remains of the dead Senator were escorted to a last resting place among his native mountains in North Carolina, the dearest place to him in all the world. Among these mountains he was born, among them he spent his young manhood, to them he resorted for recuperation in his failing years, and there he desired to sleep while the ages roll on.

The body lay in state in the capitol at Raleigh for several hours, and hundreds came sorrowfully to take the last earthly view of their own loved VANCE. The whole State was as a stricken household. The stations between Raleigh and Asheville were thronged with people, hoping that they might have an opportunity once more to see the face of their true friend and trusted leader. Asheville was reached in the early morning of the 18th. The city was draped in mourning, and a sorrowing multitude that came from far and near stood about the streets waiting to pay the last tribute of love and respect to him who was returning home after the conflicts of life were ended. The air was pleasant and the morning sun shone brightly, but soon the sky drew a veil of somber clouds about its face, the mountains grew dark and gloomy, and as we stooped with tender hands and bleeding hearts to give him to the tomb,

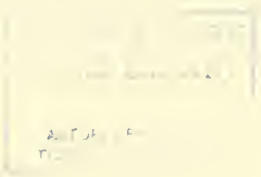
the very elements seemed to see our grief and dropped with us their tears.

He sleeps in beautiful Riverside, and the rolling French Broad that soothed his childhood slumbers will ever sing to his moldering ashes. Sleep on!

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

Mr. BUNN. I now ask, Mr. Speaker, that under the resolution already adopted the House be declared adjourned as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

And then, in accordance with the resolutions already adopted, the Speaker pro tempore (at 5 o'clock and 18 minutes p. m.) declared the House adjourned until Monday at 11 o'clock a. m.



52D CONGRESS, 1st Session. } SENATE. { MIS. DOC. No. 228.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

PRESTON B. PLUMB,

(A SENATOR FROM KANSAS),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FEBRUARY 20 AND MARCH 19, 1892.

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